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RELATION OF TREATIES AND ARMAMENT

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A CONSIDERATION of the world's progress through half a dozen centuries, produces the conviction that security of commerce has been the controlling and predominating factor of diplomacy and that a vast proportion of treaties have been nothing more nor less than trade agreements. The greatest peril of the world's peace lies not so much in the mad contest for temporary supremacy of armament, but rather in the commercial policies and treaties of the great powers, for they serve to give warning that all must arm for possible conflict or sit without the influential circle of the warlike nations. The absence of guaranteed protection to trade was at the bottom of the League of Cambray, the Hanseatic League and of the organization of all the great commercial companies authorized during a long period to use land and sea forces in their exploitation of conquered lands.

Ever since Grotius undertook to embody the treaties and customs of nations into a world-governing code, and convinced the ruling bodies of modern States of the great advantage to civilization of common rules of action, there has been a progressive tendency to adjust methods of intercourse by entering into formal written agreements, and nations having diplomatic associations with other powers have generally undertaken to fulfil their treaty obligations,

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either by actual performance of stipulation or by payment of awards for damages arising from failure to enforce compliance with specific provisions. In the earlier days of modern European civilization, questions concerning human rights of citizens or subjects of the several countries concerned, required much time and attention on the part of diplomats and consuls. Under modern conditions there is rarely any misunderstanding of treaty stipulations in this regard, and it is only in fanatical outbreaks, such as that of the Chinese Boxers, that attention is directed to the fact that a common civilization does not yet pervade the entire world.

The vast amount of accumulated wrong which accompanies the march of civilization constantly turns the minds of men toward a more general resort to arbitration. International common sense and ordinary business judgment alike dictate that arbitration should be used in all cases involving minor disagreements, but the commerce and general welfare of nations, and not sentiment, will continue to govern policies and dictate the character of preparation for maintenance of supremacy. In all civilized countries questions affecting the honor and prestige of nations involve the war powers. A declaration of war is purely a political function, residing in monarchs and parliaments, or, as in America, constitutionally committed to the discretion of Congress. The functions of military and naval men in peace are confined to preparation within the limits of appropriations, and to giving professional advice when required.

That there is a real peril to the world's peace in existing treaties and policies is the wide-spread opinion of military students. The way to reduce the frequency of wars lies not so much in peace conferences and arbitration of minor commercial disputes arising over inequalities of the tariff, as in upbuilding a sentiment which shall insist upon fair and just treaties and forbid the existence of secret compacts or complaisant understandings of ministers and rulers.

There is nothing offensive from a diplomatic standpoint in treaties involving defensive alliances, but when the signatory nations are among the recognized great world powers the effect on the others is instantaneous, for having commerce of their own to extend and protect they are goaded to preparation for the possible contingencies of war. So long as the greatest maritime nation of the world holds as

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the corner-stone of its policy that its war fleets shall be ten per cent. greater than the combined fleets of any two nations, it may be expected that the mad race for supremacy of armament on land and sea will go on.

The preservation of the balance of power, so called, among European governments has led to some agreements in the past which have worked in the interest of continued peace, but it would be difficult to convince the weaker people who have been sacrificed to this fetish that the end justified the means. The inevitable waste of life and property, and the many evils arising from campaigns of magnitude, always appeal strongly to the higher sentiments of mankind and the organized efforts for their amelioration are creditable to modern civilization, yet war is not an unmixed evil. History substantiates this statement so conclusively that it seems strange that peace-at-any-price societies are ever able to maintain a working membership.

A people possessed of little to tempt the cupidity of stronger nations need have no fear, but when their commercial and industrial development once approaches rivalry, there is certain to be dug up from dusty archives some allegation of broken faith, as a justification for protection of treaty rights, and thus are defeated the altruistic motives of those who dream of the honor of nations and of the days when armies and battle fleets shall be no more. Those whose presumption exceeds their preparedness are apt to find that their rivals lay more stress upon the mailed hand than upon superiority of morals and intellect.

The Japanese have given the world a magnificent exhibition of self-sacrificing patriotism, in their years of preparation as well as in their recent trials at arms. It is not in reason to presume that Japan desired to turn herself into an armed camp with all her people soldiers and man-of-war's-men, but the sign was hung before her that the price of a continuance of the simple life would be loss of prestige and perhaps of national integrity. From a purely military point of view the control of Korea and the transportation lines up that peninsula to Manchuria are necessary to Japan, regardless of the continuance or discontinuance of Korean sovereignty. In the Japan-China War of 1894, the Chinese fleet was quickly destroyed, and Korea and southern Manchuria, including Port Arthur, fairly won. Then followed the objections of Russia, Germany, and France to Japan's

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harvesting the fruits of its victories on land and sea. Under diplomatic pressure of these nations, Japan, by an Imperial rescript of 1895, renounced its right, under the treaty with China, to the southern part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur. This rescript is of historic import, and thus it runs:

"Since then the governments of their majesties the Emperors of Russia and Germany and of the Republic of France have united in a recommendation to our government not to permanently possess the peninsula of Fengtien, our newly acquired territory, on the ground that such permanent possession would be detrimental to the lasting peace of the Orient.

"Devoted as we unalterably are and ever have been to the principles of peace, we were constrained to take up arms against China for no other reason than our desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace.

"Now the friendly recommendation of the three Powers was equally prompted by the same desire. Consulting, therefore, the best interests of peace, and animated by a desire not to bring upon our people added hardship or to impede the progress of national destiny by creating new complications and thereby making the situation difficult and retarding the restoration of peace, we do not hesitate to accept such recommendation."

Within the following ten years one of the objecting nations had secured for itself control in Manchuria, was rapidly encroaching upon Korea, and had made of Port Arthur a presumably impregnable fortress. Thus was forged and welded that spirit of resentment in the heart of every Japanese that enabled their Emperor to count upon courageous and loyal service when the nation's patience had been exhausted. Nor is it to be wondered at that with their previous experience the Elder Statesmen of Japan hastened to effect an offensive-defensive alliance with England. This treaty has served well its purpose, for during its continuance Japan has secured many of the fruits of its series of victories, but at the cost of China and Korea rather than Russia. In every-day parlance, it is much the same as if two men with a dispute had proceeded to fight it out on a neighbor's land, then partitioned the property between them without reference to the rights of the owner.

The Anglo-Japanese treaty entered into at London, the 12th of August, 1905, contains a preamble, as to its object, comprised of three paragraphs, one of which is:

"(c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defense of their special interests in the said regions."

The maintenance of spheres of influence, usually territory seized from helpless nations, has become one of the cant ex-

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pressions, so common through repetition, in treaties that it no longer creates surprise or comment.

While international agreements are usually entered into for the purpose of avoiding causes of friction, no general peace movement can be made so effective as one looking to the elimination of treaty articles which directly provide for allied war whenever the indeterminate sphere of influence of either contracting party is interfered with.

In the body of the treaty, under Article II, appears this agreement:

"If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, whenever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble of this agreement, the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it."

It is inconceivable how Great Britain could accept the aid of Japan's army in the settlement of any trouble in India without fatal loss of prestige at home as well as abroad.

Whether blood be thicker than water when vested Oriental interests are at stake or not, there is no class or party in America that does not regard a misunderstanding and possible war with Great Britain with peculiar horror. To think that the peace and prosperity of a hundred and fifty millions of English-speaking people rest upon the question of whether or not the King and his Ministers shall execute the terms of an agreement intended for the Orient, in event of America being drawn into trouble with Japan, through alleged and possibly unjust provocation, is almost intolerable.

The general arbitration treaty agreed upon between America and Japan follows the lines laid down at the Hague Conference. All questions of a legal nature, or relating to the construction of existing treaties, are to be settled by arbitration, but those that affect the independence or honor of the contracting parties or the interests of other nations are excluded. The restriction accords with world-wide diplomatic practice.

It has been made clear by such affairs as that at San Francisco that America is not in an enviable position, so far as the power to make and execute treaties is concerned. Americans had long entertained a feeling of sincere friendship for Japan, and it was disappointing to have it made

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plain that so small an affair as the seating or school-children, under local laws, could be lifted to the plane of world politics.

In his annual message to Congress, December 6, 1910, the President said:

> "With our increasing international intercourse, it becomes incumbent upon me to repeat more emphatically than ever the recommendation which I made in my inaugural address, that Congress shall at once give to the courts of the United States jurisdiction to punish as a crime the violation of the rights of aliens secured by treaty with the United States, in order that the general government of the United States shall be able, when called upon by a friendly nation, to redeem its solemn promise by treaty to secure to the citizens or subjects of that nation resident in the United States freedom from violence and due process of law in respect to their life, liberty, and property."

Oriental statesmen have long since learned that without armies, harbor defense, and battleships their fate is despoliation, under one pretext or another, limited only by the jealousies and greediness of covetous and stronger nations. China for the Chinese is no mean slogan, and is almost wholly due to the seizure, in the past, of various parts of her territory by arms or enforced concessions. It brings something of shame and regret that out of the commercial selfishness of modern civilization the teeming millions of the Orient must needs inject standing armies into their simple life or suffer territorial disruption.

The public is periodically informed through the press that we are destined to trouble over the Philippines, and that when it comes, the nation will suffer humiliation. The average American takes no particular pride in having our flag float over a thousand Oriental islands. They came under our jurisdiction as an unforeseen incident of war. Those in authority were called upon, by virtue of the responsible offices then held, to determine the course of the nation. They brought as much ability and patriotism to bear upon the subject as may be reasonably expected at any period of our national existence, upon like questions. The situation was without precedent and the responsibilities of menacing gravity. It is safe to assert that if those then responsible for the course of the nation had not believed that our continued control of the Philippines would lift the Filipinos to a higher plane of material prosperity and more rapidly fit them for at least partial self-government, they would have

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recommended withdrawal from the islands. It is wholly gratuitous to predicate national loss of prestige in event that any powerful nation may see fit to attempt the seizure of the Philippines. It is true that Congress moves slowly in adjusting the problems involved in the administration of insular possessions, but under the assurance and conviction that real and permanent progress is being made, Americans may be trusted to work out solutions with as much fidelity and as little selfishness as would any other nation.

Notwithstanding all the safeguards that a higher civilization may provide, there will continue to come into the life of nations, at uncertain intervals, questions which will arouse so deeply the spirit of patriotism and the resentment of a whole people that those who continue the appeal for peace will be cast out as traitors, and those who lead armies and fleets to victory will be heralded as heroes and their deeds commemorated in bronze and marble. When deep-seated patriotism is aroused, men no longer consider the commercial elements of questions at issue, but, knowing full well the dangers of camp and battle, march forth to do or die, for the honor of the nation's flag, merely a bit of silk or bunting, but a sacred emblem around which are clustered memories of ancestors who have rallied in its defense. This reverent feeling of patriotism, immeasurable in a commercial way, is confined to no age or generation, but lingers in the atmosphere of homes from the frozen fiords of the Arctic north to those opposite regions of eternal ice down under the Southern Cross and constitutes one of the foundation stones of stable government. In the face of all theory and academic argument, this has been the history of progress, and out of gigantic struggles upon land and sea, civilization has come triumphant and individual liberty has been guaranteed to a greater degree than at any former period of the world's existence.

William H. Carter.

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THE NEW STATEISM

BY JOHN M. MATHEWS

It is now possible to perceive that the gubernatorial elections of last November marked a turning-point in our recent political history in more respects than was at first supposed. The present trend of events shows that they set in motion certain forces which have hitherto escaped general recognition, but which are of far-reaching significance in their bearing upon the question of the relation between the Federal and the State governments. Those elections had the effect of throwing into at least temporary eclipse one whose strenuous advocacy of the exercise of national power to secure a "square deal" had given him a dominant position in the counsels of the nation, but whose erratic methods no longer appealed so strongly to the people. On the other hand, they brought from the shades of academic retirement into the limelight of the political arena one of the most virile, forceful, and inspiring personalities which this country has produced in a generation, one whose qualities of sane and constructive leadership in the field of State politics are now being amply demonstrated. But the result of those elections was more than the defeat of one man and the victory of another, more than a mere shifting of popular support from one leader to the other. Nevertheless, that result is, from one point of view, so closely connected with the principles for which these two men stand and the methods of political action which they have adopted that they cannot be wholly eliminated from consideration.

During recent years two important factors have loomed up prominently in the political situation: first, the glaring inefficiency of our State governments and, secondly, the unmistakable tendency toward nationalism. Between these two factors there exists an obvious causal connection. This has operated not through any formal change in the law, but

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through a social pressure stronger than law itself. Government in a democracy should be largely, if not solely, a means for promoting the welfare of the individual and of society. The efficiency of government consists in the facility with which it lends itself to the attainment of this end. Under a dual form of government there may exist, through defect in organization or working, a very perceptible difference in the degree to which the two branches of the Government are adapted to the attainment of the beforementioned end. In this case a powerful social pressure is inevitably created which beats against the barriers of the law and imperiously demands that the task of promoting the individual and general welfare shall be intrusted to that branch of the Government best adapted for its effective execution. This is the cause of the tendency toward nationalism and of the demand that the National Government perform functions and exercise powers which it has not hitherto been supposed to possess.

In this situation at least three possible courses of action present themselves. The first is that amendments to the Federal Constitution be adopted or that a constitutional convention be called for effecting a thoroughgoing readjustment of the powers of the National and State governments. This course would at least possess the merit of frankness and would avoid the danger which now exists of lessening the reverence of the people for law. But no one supposes that such a radical method of increasing the legal powers of the National Government is now feasible. In the second place, Federal power may be increased without any formal change in the law, but by the more subtle method of executive practice and the gradually expanding force of judicial construction. Whatever the merits or demerits of this course may be, it has been advocated by many on the supposition that there is no other practicable escape from the difficulty. But the trend of recent events shows that there is still another solution of the problem. This is the reform of State governments along a new line so as to make them adequate and efficient instruments for the free expression of the will of the people and for the ready execution of that will when thus expressed. How this can be done without any formal constitutional change in the organization of those governments is beginning to become clear through the developments in New Jersey under the master-

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ful leadership and statesmanlike policy of Governor Woodrow Wilson.

The recent gubernatorial elections did not indicate that the much-heralded progressive principles had received a setback, but that they had found a new and able champion who would now have an opportunity of working them out along a new line. Progressivism is now advancing toward the same goal, but by a different path. Both Roosevelt and Wilson stand for progressivism. But Roosevelt stands for progressivism through the "new nationalism," Wilson for progressivism through the "new stateism." Whether for weal or for woe, whether intentionally or blindly, the people at the recent elections chose to give the "new stateism" a trial. With the States lie great possibilities of an increase of collective action for the general benefit and of a decrease of the use of governmental machinery for private and special interests. These ends can be attained through the State governments with less violence to existing constitutional arrangements than through the National Government. The "new stateism" aims to effect a change in both these directions by rescuing the State governments from the political morass in which they have hitherto floundered. The working out of the methods by which this change is to be accomplished the people have left to Woodrow Wilson and Governors of his stamp.

The most conspicuously weak point in our State governments is the Legislature, considered both in itself and in its relation to the Governor. The great need in such governments, as in any other, is able and disinterested leadership. Such leadership cannot be found in the Legislature, for responsibility is too diffused and the course of legislative procedure is too complicated for popular comprehension. The people have, therefore, naturally turned to the Governor, and have saddled him with the responsibility for both the formulation and the execution of public policy, though in too many instances he has had little, if any, legal power to influence either. In this position the Governor has frequently used his power of patronage to secure votes for and to offset opposition against the laws which public opinion demands, and even the President of the United States has not disdained to wield this questionable weapon as a club to bring Congress into submission. But however laudable the aim, the use of this means of influencing legislation

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sooner or later defeats itself. In the first place, it undermines the influence and "credit of the Executive with the people from whom his power comes."* Again, it creates a spirit of distrust and perhaps resentment among members of the Legislature against the Governor, which prevents efficient co-operation between them. Lastly, it is unnecessary because there is another more effective and less questionable weapon at hand. This instrument is the personal influence of the Governor, supported by the full force of "pitiless publicity." It seems a simple matter, but it is the most effective means yet devised whereby an able, upright, and fearless Governor may mould the formulation and the execution of public policy for the general interest. "Pitiless publicity" enables the force of popular opinion to operate almost automatically so as to create support for legislation framed in the general interest and to smoke out the opposition, actuated by motives that will not bear the full light of day. For no matter how jealous a Legislature may be of its own prerogatives, no matter how incapable it may be of being bulldozed, wheedled, or cajoled by threats or intimidation on the part of the Governor, it cannot withstand the force of "pitiless publicity" wielded by a vigorous, independent, and courageous Governor, supported by the pressure of intelligent and aroused public opinion. And it is the function of the Governor to keep it aroused by a continuous and unmerciful application of repeated doses of publicity throughout the whole course of legislation. Bills have been too frequently railroaded or sidetracked through the sinister influence of bosses and lobbyists. In his new rôle the Governor himself becomes the virtual boss and shapes the course of legislation for the general interest, instead of for private and special interests. There is no danger in such bossism, for the Governor can be held accountable by the people while the unofficial boss cannot. This does not imply that the Governor is in continual conflict with the legislators and wields the big stick of his personal influence over them. On the contrary, he works, so far as possible, in entire harmony and co-operation with them. But in the case of a recalcitrant Legislature the Governor's power of appealing directly to the people always remains in reserve, though its existence would usually render its

* Address of Governor Woodrow Wilson before the House of Governors, Frankfort, Kentucky, November 29th, 1910.

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exercise unnecessary. The result of this development is that the people have found an efficient means of making their will felt through the open leadership of the Governor. The influence of wealth and "big business" no longer outweighs the interests of the people as a whole. Public opinion becomes articulate and effective.

The regeneration and transformation of State government in this entirely extra-legal manner is not an abstract theory nor a pious wish, but is being practically demonstrated in New Jersey and some other States. Under her present Governor, New Jersey has been kept continually rubbing her eyes with surprise. The State has been routed out of her staid and stolid conservatism and there has been a State-wide awakening of civic consciousness. Innovation has followed innovation. The Governor has broken all precedents by appearing at legislative hearings and by participating in meetings of members of the Legislature and discussing with them questions of public policy. He has urged before them the passage of so-called "administration bills" and has been ready to take the stump unless they are passed. But resort to this extreme measure has not been necessary, for public opinion is already sufficiently aroused, and in the face of his persuasive eloquence the opposition of disaffected legislators has melted away. The result of these tactics has been that measures designed solely in the general interest, which formerly would not have reached third reading, have been passed; while others drawn for the benefit of some special class or of "the interests," which formerly would have gone through as a matter of course, have been blocked. No Eastern State can show a record of the passage in a single legislative session of a larger number of important progressive measures for the reform of State government and politics than can New Jersey. In the face of the determined opposition of the machines of both political parties acts have been passed granting just compensation to working-men for injuries; reforming the election laws so as to enable the people to nominate and to elect candidates without the intervention of the party machines, and providing drastic punishment for corrupt practices at elections; constituting a public utilities commission with adequate powers for the regulation of public-service corporations; permitting cities to adopt the commission form of government; and reorganizing the admin-

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istration of the public schools of the State. These measures will cause New Jersey to advance from one of the most backward to one of the most progressive States in the Union. It has been an amazing accomplishment, and the Governor as the "third house" of the Legislature has been the most potent factor in bringing about the enactment of this enlightened programme of reform. This result constitutes a most notable achievement for one man. It is also a signal triumph for an efficient principle of political management.

The power of the Governor to mould public policy in the interests of the people will be still further augmented under the Geran Elections Act just passed, which provides that a State convention of each party shall be held annually for the purpose of adopting and promulgating a party platform, which convention shall be composed of the party candidates who have been nominated at the party primaries for the office of member of the Assembly or State Senator, together with hold-over Senators, members of the State Committee, and

"the candidate of the party for Governor nominated at the said primaries in the year in which a Governor is elected, and in each year in which no Governor is elected the Governor of the State shall be a member of the convention of the political party to which he belongs."

This provision has been denounced on the ground that it makes the Governor a dictator. This is really a powerful argument in its favor. We have outgrown the notion that the concentration of power necessarily means tyranny. The course we ought to pursue is the adoption of means for securing the location of power in the hands of the most responsible authority. The above provision is directly in line with this purpose. Public policy and legislation must be dictated from some quarter, and it is undeniably better that this dictatorship should rest with the Governor, in close touch with the people and working for the interests of all, than with the lobbyists and the representatives of privilege and plutocracy.

The open leadership of an able, responsible, and fearless Governor is thus opening up to the people of New Jersey and other States an effective instrumentality for the control of public policy by public opinion, and is making of the machinery of State government a more efficient means for the free expression of the popular will. Much remains to be done, especially with respect to the administrative ma-

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chinery of the State, in order that the power of the Governor may be fully commensurate with his responsibility. But the forces already operating are beginning to remove the inefficiency of the State governments, and when carried out to their logical development will, to a large extent, loosen the causal connection before mentioned and thus check the tendency toward nationalism. Not that the people will look less to the National Government, but they will expect more from the State governments and that expectation will stand a much better chance of realization.

When the feasibility of thus transforming the State governments along simpler lines has been demonstrated in any one State such State will become an object-lesson to others. In this connection it is probable that the "House of Governors" will prove to be an effective vehicle of progress. It will serve as a common organ for formulating a common programme of State reform, so far as a programme on similar lines is desirable, and as a clearing-house for ideas on increasing the efficiency of State governments.

Since the States still have a most important part to play in our system of government, a readjustment of political forces within them is clearly imperative in order that they may take a larger share in promoting the general welfare and in protecting the individual and society from irresponsible predatory power. While some Western States are adopting the initiative and the referendum under the mistaken impression that a more direct participation of the people in legislation will necessarily and, as it were, almost automatically produce a more democratic government, New Jersey is working out a truer conception of democratic government in which the powers of government are better adapted to the interests of the people through the closer contact of the Governor with the Legislature on the one hand and with the people themselves on the other. The true initiative of the people is not a legal initiative, but the originating and stimulating force of articulate public opinion acting through the effective instrumentality of responsible executive power.

The significance of the "new stateism" lies not in its past accomplishments, but in its present and future possibilities. If the Governor is now urging the passage of "administration bills" introduced by his adherents, who can say that he will not soon be introducing them directly?

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If the Governor is now appearing before informal meetings of legislative committees, who can say that he will not soon be found on the floor of the legislative chambers addressing the members directly on behalf of the programme of reform demanded by the people whose mouthpiece he is? None but a man of proved rectitude and large caliber would be capable of playing effectively the rôle of Governor under the régime of the "new stateism." But to *create* the rôle in the first instance as well as to play it when created could be the achievement of none but a man of extraordinary ability, of marvelous powers of persuasion, and of magnificent qualities of leadership. New Jersey enjoys the good fortune of having found such a man in Woodrow Wilson. Let us hope that he may be able to place the "new stateism" upon a solid and enduring basis before he is called to a more exalted post and a wider field of action in the service of the nation.

JOHN M. MATHEWS.

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THE NEW CHINESE CURRENCY

BY CHING-CHUN WANG, M.A., HONORARY FELLOW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE chaotic condition of the Chinese currency has reached a point which is almost incredible. It has jeopardized the country's foreign trade and checked the development of her domestic commerce. The Chinese not only have suffered from it, but large numbers of foreigners as well. The Government itself has for some time felt the need of reform. Repeated attempts have been made to remedy the evil, but they have been barren of immediate results. Finally, upon the accession to the throne of the new Emperor, the Government began to take definite steps toward the reorganization of the whole monetary system. Soon after the recent change of administration the Throne commanded the Board of Finance to establish a special bureau to investigate currency conditions in China and to study the systems of other countries for the purpose of improving that at home. After more than a year's work, the Board of Finance memorialized the Throne, setting forth in detail their recommendations. They also submitted twenty-four regulations for the redemption of the old coins and the introduction of the new system. An imperial edict was issued on the 24th of May, 1910, which approved the whole plan as submitted by the Board and which said in part:

"It is commanded that the unit of the national currency shall be the 'Yuan,' or dollar, and the standard shall temporarily be silver. The dollar shall be the principal unit of currency and shall weigh seven mace and two candarenes. The subsidiary coins shall be as follows: Three of silver in denominations of fifty, twenty-five and ten cents, respectively; one nickel unit having the value of five cents; and four copper coins in denominations of two cents, one cent, five cash and one cash, respectively. The relative value of the dollar, the dime, the cent and the cash shall be in decimal proportion and be permanently fixed. It shall not be permitted to increase these relative values or to diminish them. The Board

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of Finance shall direct the mints to mint the new coins according to the standard weight, fineness and design and to issue them gradually. . . .

"Let the viceroys and governors instruct the various mercantile and other organizations to inform the people that the purpose of this reform is to alleviate the chaos caused by the weighing and testing in the old currency, thereby to accommodate the people, to facilitate commerce and to lay the foundation of the financial reorganization of the empire."

It further ordered that, within one year from the date of the edict, all salaries and pensions of officials and other Government employees, together with all taxes, customs duties and other incomes and expenditures of the Government, as well as the contracts and payments of the people, should be converted into the terms of the new currency.*

In order to understand the significance of this reform, it is necessary to have a brief and concise idea of the old currency and of the existing conditions in China.

In theory, one may say China has maintained a bimetallic system or "even a trimetallic system"† since the seventh century, according to which one unit in gold is equivalent to ten in silver and one thousand in copper. In practice, however, the currency in use until lately has been entirely the "tiao" (a string of copper cash) or the tael. Since the beginning of intercourse with the West the dollar also has been used extensively.

These three kinds of "money" might have formed the basis of a practicable system of currency were each of them uniform in itself. The trouble is that none of them represent anything definite. For instance, there are over one hundred kinds of the tael in the country, and these kinds of tael not only differ from one another, but each kind itself varies in different places. Again, even if the tael were a definite unit, it could have been of little use so long as the

* "For the purpose of carrying out this and some other less important reforms, a loan of $50,000,000 was consummated in Peking, on April 15, 1911. The proposal for this loan was originally made to American bankers alone; but later was extended to financial groups of Great Britain, Germany, and France. The four Powers were to pay to China $5,000,000 immediately, $5,000,000 when the Powers have approved of the currency reforms and the Manchurian development schemes, and the remainder of the loan in instalments covering several months. At the suggestion of the United States, China has also agreed to appoint the representative of some uninterested country as financial adviser to assist in the currency reform."

† H. B. Morse: *Trade and Administration of the Chinese Empire*, p. 124.

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fineness of the sycee silver is different and undetermined, as it always has been.

The tiao is no more definite than the tael. Through years of bad practice and on account of the customs of different places it to-day means numberless things. In one place it may mean 1,000 cash, in another place 960 and in a third only 160. In a word, the tiao, like the tael, carries with it no definite meaning, but is only a customary name used to represent different numbers of cash varying within the limits of 1,000 and 160, according to time, place and circumstances.

As already mentioned, the dollar also has been used recently. As a strange coincidence, the dollar likewise means a conglomeration of different kinds of money. To begin with, there are the Imperial Chinese dollar, the Mexican dollar, the French piastre, the Portuguese carolus, the Hongkong dollar and the different kinds of provincial dollars, each differing from all the rest in weight, fineness and value. Moreover, like the Spanish dollar during Colonial times, the market value of each kind is also different in different places. One kind of dollar may be used freely in one province and rejected in the next. Even in different parts of the same town, at one and the same time, there often exists a difference in the value of the same kind of dollar. It is well remarked by some Western observers that the way in which price of silver in terms of copper cash or of dollars, or *vice versa,* varies will tax even a veteran New York broker's understanding.

To this has been added the confusion caused by the unregulated manipulation of the different provincial mints. During the last twelve or fifteen years several provinces have been permitted to operate their own mints. These provinces in the operation of their mints usually had in view not the economic welfare of the whole country, but the immediate well-being of the local treasury. This, coupled with the lack of strict regulation by the central Government, led to the great oversupply of copper coins and to the coining of silver coins of varying fineness, all purporting to be of the same weight and fineness as the Government coins. The oversupply of copper cash has greatly enhanced the price of silver, a result of which has been the recent pronounced increase in the cost of living, especially in that of the laboring classes. These people, whose income is in terms

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of the tiao, find their cost of living increased by leaps and bounds with the rising value of silver, while their income, which is governed not by union rules, but by custom, remains almost stationary. The hardship and misery caused by this state of affairs made it dangerous for the Government to postpone any longer the reorganization of the currency.

Moreover, China's treaty obligations, as well, require her to reform her currency. As stipulated in the commercial treaty of 1903 between China and the United States,* "China agrees to take the necessary steps to provide for a uniform national coinage which shall be legal tender in payment of all duties, taxes and other obligations throughout the Empire. . . ." Similar phrases are found in the commercial treaty between China and Japan of the same year and in that with Great Britain of the year before.

These circumstances help one to appreciate the significance of the reform more fully and to understand the discussions which led to the adoption of the programme. In the following pages I propose to discuss some of the questions arising in connection with the reform which have aroused a great deal of discussion in China as well as in other countries.

In this currency reform the adoption of a standard has been the first and most important question. All the discussion was largely centered upon the point as to whether China should adopt silver or gold. The opinion was about equally divided on this question. Those in favor of silver believe that a declining value of silver in terms of gold will favor China's export trade and hence is good for China. On account of the relatively low rate of exchange of silver, the prices of goods in China will appear lower than in those countries where gold is used. Conversely, the imported goods will appear higher in price. Hence if China adopts silver, her export trade will be stimulated while her imports will be somewhat diminished; and, therefore, the balance of trade will be in China's favor.

But those in favor of silver, as one high official has observed, failed to notice that the theory of this so-called balance of trade has been proven erroneous again and again; that what temporarily appears favorable under abnormal

*Article XIII of the Commercial treaty of October 8th, 1903. See House Documents, Vol. I, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session, 1903-1904.

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conditions often becomes unfavorable in the long run; and that, above all, as the exports are mostly raw material, the increase of such export business will, in the end, not result in any real advantage to China. On the contrary, it will tend to exhaust the raw material in the country and thereby retard the development of manufactures. Should such export trade be excessively stimulated, it would jeopardize the root of the much-needed development of new industries —the only salvation of the large laboring populace.

Then the silver advocates advanced three other reasons which seemed more convincing. First, that China is poor; she has not gold enough even to start a gold system and cannot secure the necessary amount of gold without incurring a heavy debt at a great disadvantage. Second, even if she could secure the gold at the present time, it would not be possible for her to keep it, as the balance of trade is against her, and the gold would certainly be exported for the excess of imports over exports. Third, the standard of living and the habits of the people require silver as the standard. The silver advocates claim that, although silver is supposed to have been the standard in China, the copper cash has in reality been the currency of the people. Like the French housewife, the every-day Chinese is wont to calculate in sous, even to the point of "*une pièce de cent sous,*" rather than five francs. Therefore, a silver currency is better adapted for the standard of living and the ordinary trade customs of the country, while the sudden adoption of gold might entail serious hardship to the people.

On the other hand, the gold advocates maintain that the national finance demands the adoption of gold. All China's foreign debts and indemnities are in terms of gold, while her revenues are collected almost entirely in silver or in copper at some rate of exchange with silver. As the value of silver has of late been constantly and considerably depreciated with respect to that of gold the Government finds that the burden of its debts is increasing by leaps and bounds. There is no other way to relieve the situation except by the adoption of gold.

Again the commerce of China with other countries calls for the adoption of gold. Her merchants suffer a great deal from the use of silver. On account of the fluctuations of silver her international trade becomes highly speculative. While the merchants of other countries will need only to keep

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in mind the commercial conditions in making their calculations, the Chinese merchant, in addition to what his foreign competitor has to do, must constantly bear in mind the rate of exchange. As the average Chinese merchant is neither so well experienced nor as shrewd as his foreign competitor, he has thus, with half the strength, been compelled to struggle against twice as many difficulties. In this age of extreme competition, the Chinese, placed against such odds, have always to face an up-hill struggle.

Moreover, the experience of other countries warrants the adoption of gold. Nearly all the civilized nations have adopted gold. If China remains a silver country she will have to suffer from practically all the evils resulting from the capricious speculations of the whole world.

Some also claim that the adoption of gold will strengthen the Chinese national credit. They claim that an Eastern financial agent residing in London once said that he had never been able to borrow money for the Government he was representing so cheaply as he was able to do after the introduction of the gold standard into the country. He remarked that the effect was immediate and unmistakable. Count Matsukata of Japan is also quoted as having attributed the friendliness and moderation of the money-market toward his country during recent years to the adoption of the gold standard.

There is hardly any doubt that the systematizing of a nation's currency will eventually strengthen that nation's credit. But whether this financial friendliness toward Japan is due simply to the adoption of the gold standard or to the introduction of uniformity into the currency seems open to question. The reason why the money-market became more favorably inclined toward Japan on her adoption of gold is more likely because it foresaw in that adoption a steady and uniform system of currency which meant strength in her national finance rather than simply because of the adoption of gold itself. If the market had felt that the adoption of gold was ill-fitted to Japanese conditions and would bring about disturbance and financial chaos, it would very likely have taken a different course. Therefore, the adoption of gold, if unsuitable, is not likely to strengthen a country's credit. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that such a change would prove injurious to her credit. At any rate, it appears that what

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the foreign creditors want is only financial strength. Whether that strength is brought about by the use of silver or by that of gold does not seem likely to enter into their calculations. There is no reason to believe that a nation's credit shall not be good if her financial strength is great, even if silver is the standard. On the other hand, it is hardly conceivable that a nation's credit will become better simply because she uses gold. Psychologically, it might be that the money-lenders in the gold countries prefer to loan their money to the countries using gold rather than to those using silver, but this preference ought not to be very strong. Therefore, it seems that the gold advocates have taken a special coincidence as a formula for general application.

Finally, the matter settles down to two points: Is China to consider first the well-being of her people, who maintain their families on one dime a day and, through the existence of the mite of a mite, are enabled to maintain them in comfort; or shall she consider first the broader interests of her international exchanges and of the large body of merchants active in the trade of nations? Upon these questions hinged the final decision of the Government.

The advantages of a gold standard are so numerous—so far as the broader interests of the Government are concerned—and the experience of other countries is so convincing, that it was only in consideration of the standard of living of her people that China reluctantly decided to adopt silver temporarily, with the ultimate aim of adopting gold as soon as circumstances would permit. In making this decision, China believed that in the reform of currency, as well as in other reforms, she must go step by step. Moreover, she was also influenced by the experience of her neighbors. Nearly all the countries now having gold as standard used silver first and then gold. Should China adopt gold now, she would be jumping from copper, over silver, to gold; for although silver in different forms has been in use in China for centuries, the real currency, as observed before, is the copper cash. A great majority of the people to-day still think in the "tiao." In fact, it is safe to say that probably less than half of the people have ever used silver in their lives until very recently. Under such circumstances, China preferred to adopt silver for the present. As declared in the currency edict of two years ago, the Government recognized the "convenience" of a gold standard;

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but, finding that "grave dangers" would be incurred in China by the adoption of gold, it concluded that "we should first standardize and render uniform the silver currency and then carefully proceed to take measures for a further advance, with a view to insuring the adoption of a gold standard in the future." In other words, the Government thought it better for China to systematize her currency first and only later to adopt gold rather than to attempt both reforms at the same time at the risk of failure in each.

Besides the silver and gold standards, the gold exchange basis, as recommended by the Commission on International Exchange,* was also considered at length, but was laid aside —at least, for the present—for the reason that in a country like China it is extremely hard to maintain the parity of the silver token coins, and it amounts almost to impossibility to prevent counterfeiting such token coins when the disparity between the face and the intrinsic value is so great.

The failure of the Government to adopt the gold exchange basis has been criticised by most of the Chinese newspapers and is regarded as a mistake by large numbers of the educated classes.

A great many of the educated people in the country think that in this age of world intercourse, to reorganize the finance of a country without due consideration of her relations with the other countries, is liable to be disastrously mistaken. Therefore, they believe that China ought to have given more consideration to her broader interests than to her internal conditions. Some even doubt that the standard of living really interferes much with the change of a nation's currency standard. They maintain that, although England adopted gold over a century ago, there are yet many "Englishmen" in the heart of London who have never used a sovereign in their lives, and that, although Japan has been using gold as standard over twelve years, there are yet many Japanese who have never seen a gold coin. Moreover, the same state of affairs has been existing in China. Nominally China has been using the sycee as a basis, yet those who have used any sycee in their business transactions number comparatively few. Therefore, they claim that China could have safely adopted the gold exchange basis to her advantage.

* For report of this Commission see House Documents 144, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session.

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By looking at the situation from the outside one would likely be inclined to favor the gold exchange proposition. The clear arguments in favor of this basis as given by Professor Jenks* are, indeed, convincing, and the experience of India, the Philippine Islands and the Straits Settlements seems to warrant a trial of this basis by China. The enormous amount of profit† which may be easily gained by the Government by adopting this basis, more than anything else, was very tempting. Therefore, the question was held in the balance for a long time. It was only after careful examination of the whole situation that China forsook it. The Government vividly recalls its miserable experience with the Chao Piao (a kind of Government note issued some years ago) and the Hsien Feng notes. By having a great disparity between the legal value and the value in bullion as necessitated by the gold exchange basis, China knows that she can gain a very large profit, all of which is tempting at this time when her finances are in such a strained condition; but she also realizes that this very profit to the Government may create distrust among the people. In China, where things are in such an unsettled state, the least suspicion by the people—whose memory of the unfortunate experience with the former Government notes is still fresh —that the Government is seeking for gain from this reform is likely to defeat the whole programme. Therefore, the Government took the safer course even at a large financial loss to itself. The fact that the Government was able to overcome the temptation by foregoing the big profit seems to indicate its earnestness in this reform.

The new unit is the "yuan,"‡ which shall contain seven mace and two candarenes of ninety per cent. pure silver, with the figure of a coiling dragon stamped on one face and the words "one yuan" and "Imperial Chinese Currency," in Chinese, on the other.

This seems simple enough, but it was only after the hottest kind of discussion among those in charge of the reform that this was decided upon. Perhaps there has

* See *Chinese Students' Monthly* for November, 1909, and report of the Commission on International Exchange, U. S. House Documents 144, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session.

† Professor Jenks estimates that "scores of millions of dollars would be made by China if the gold exchange standard were adopted at once."

‡ The "yuan" equals about 46 cents in American money, and its purchasing power in China equals about $2 in the United States.

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been more disagreement regarding the unit than upon any other point in the entire programme. The whole officialdom divided itself into two parties—one in favor of the tael and the other in favor of the dollar. Among the tael advocates, the late Grand Councillor Chang Chih-Tung was the most noted, while on the side of the dollar-advocates were mostly the younger but less influential officials. The tael advocates had so much more influence that for a while it seemed as if the tael would be adopted. In fact, a committee appointed through the influence of this party made a report two years ago in favor of the tael, and the report actually received the sanction of the Throne.

The advocates of the dollar, however, did not give up hope, in spite of the overwhelming power of their opponents. Even the imperial sanction did not dishearten them. So during the last two years they made continued efforts to reverse the decision of the Throne. As a result a most animated discussion ensued, during which both sides placed much emphasis upon the usage, or rather the habits, of the people. Those in favor of the dollar maintain that, since the people have become accustomed to the use of the Chinese and Mexican dollars, and since the weights of both of these are about seven mace and two candarenes, it would be more adaptable to the people if the new unit is to weigh seven mace two candarenes.

On the other hand, the tael advocates say that it is because of the fact that usage is an important factor in determining the new unit that the tael ought to be preferable to the dollar. For centuries all public incomes and expenditures, as well as all private accounts, have been kept in terms of the tael. Besides, the customs tariffs, which are connected with China's treaty obligations, are also calculated in terms of the tael. Hence, if the tael is adopted, it will save all the trouble of a wholesale change. Moreover, if the tael is used, it will prevent the confusion resulting from the mixture of the old and new coins, which would be inevitable in the case of the adoption of the dollar.

So far the arguments in favor of the tael seem very convincing. But the dollar advocates called attention to the fact that all these advantages in favor of the tael exist only in theory, while they have no foundation in reality. In the first place, no one knows what the tael really is. Besides the various principal kinds of taels, which number

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no less than a hundred, there are the numberless commercial or local taels, all of which differ from one another and represent different weights in different places. Every "center," as observed a correspondent of the London *Times*, "possesses its own ideas of the value of the tael." In fact, the Government itself uses as many kinds of tael as there are names for it in the country. Therefore, it is necessary to make as complete a change of the old documents and accounts in the case of the adoption of the tael as it is in that of the dollar.

Again, the least connection of the new currency with the tael will at once bring back the idea of the old cumbrous sycee—the idea of the weighing and testing process which the reform especially aims to eradicate.

Moreover, the standard of living in China favors the dollar. In every-day life the cash must still be used as the smallest coin for the present. By making the cash the basing coin so that ten cash make one cent, ten cents one dime and ten dimes one dollar, the decimal system may be maintained throughout; while, on the other hand, if the tael is used, it will be necessary either to dispense with the decimal system or to make the smallest coin—the cash—comparatively higher in value than it is now, which latter fact is not desirable.

Thus, in spite of the opposition of the influential officials, the dollar advocates won the decision of the Throne at last. Not only are all the progressive classes throughout the Empire delighted with this action of the Government, but foreign authorities as well agree that China has taken a forward step. By the adoption of the dollar China will have the relative value between the unit and the copper currency fixed at the most convenient rate of 1 to 1,000, instead of such a cumbersome arrangement as something like 1,482 cash as the equivalent of the tael.

The currency, as mentioned, is based upon the decimal system. The principal subsidiary coins are the chiao, the fen and the cash, representing one-tenth, one-hundredth and one-thousandth part of the yuan in value, respectively. For convenience other coins have also been introduced. These are the fifty-cent and twenty-five-cent pieces in silver, the five-cent coin in nickel and the two-cent and five-cash coins in copper.

In order to maintain the ratio between the unit and the

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subsidiary coins, which China has never succeeded in doing in the past, the Government adopted the first of the two methods mentioned by Mr. H. White in his book on money and banking—namely, to restrict the supply of the small coins. As stated in the memorial of the Board of Finance:

"since the purpose of coining the subsidiary coins is for making changes and small purchases and is not intended for general use, the supply of such coins must not be too large. Unless strict rules are adopted and enforced governing the coinage of such coins, we fear there is no other way of maintaining the decimal system."

The Government is likely to have much trouble in carrying out this provision. One of the foremost causes of the recent confusion of the Chinese currency has been the unregulated coinage of copper coins. Unless the central Government succeeds in taking away from the provinces the privilege of minting and conducts the coinage itself strictly in accordance with well-planned regulations, or proves able to enforce such regulations upon the provinces, both of which are hard to do, all its efforts for the reform will prove a failure. The Government seems to have recognized this difficulty and appears earnest in its determination to overcome it. If the Government succeeds in maintaining the decimal system, it will confer a great benefit upon the country. When the enormous population of China is taken into consideration, the economy resulting from a uniform decimal system in accounting alone must be considerable, to say nothing of the impetus to commerce.

In adopting her policy regarding abrasion, China evidently followed in the footsteps of her Eastern neighbor. The Chinese currency measure provides that if, in consequence of abrasion from circulation, any of the silver or nickel coins fall below the minimum circulating weight, the Government shall exchange such coins for new ones of the same face value without any charge. In adopting this policy, China, like Japan, proceeded on the assumption that it is possible to distinguish between abrasion caused by ordinary wear and fraudulent abrasion or "sweating." Although there has not been sufficient time as yet to decide as to the safety of the experiment, China thought it worth while to try the same side by side with her neighbor. It is especially gratifying to note in this regard that China, in spite of her financial difficulties, is willing to assume this loss herself, instead of throwing it upon her people as most of

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the Western countries do. The justice for the Government to assume the loss due to ordinary abrasion is evident. Since such abrasion is caused by all subjects of the country in common, the consequent loss from it should fall upon the whole instead of the unfortunate few who happen to possess the coin last. Most of the Governments "have not been willing to assume this loss, lest such assumption should lead to systematic abrasion for purposes of gain."* This, however, neither conclusively proves that the assumption of the loss by the individual will prevent the danger of "sweating," nor justifies the Government in compelling the unfortunate few to bear the loss which the Government itself fears to assume. It is hoped that the experiment in the East may prove safe, so as to bring about its adoption by the West.

The disposal of old coins has been recognized as the most difficult problem. During the last two decades over 40,000,000 dollar coins and about $1,400,000,000 worth of the smaller silver coins have been poured into circulation. To redeem them and recoin them will cost the Government something like $20,000,000. At this time, when every source of the Chinese treasury is strained, it is difficult for China to meet this extra burden. The policy of suppressing the old coins, therefore, has frequently been advocated. It was feared, however, that such an abrupt suppression would result in a serious burden upon the people which would obstruct the carrying out of the currency programme. In trying to strike at a happy medium the Board of Finance decided that for the present the old coins should be permitted to circulate as heretofore according to their market values, side by side with the new coins which are to circulate at their legal value.

In this connection, it must be observed that, as there are four kinds of the new silver coin and about as many kinds of the old, and as the size and design of the two classes of the same denomination are very similar, the confusion resulting from the simultaneous circulation of the two will be unavoidable.

The edict also provides that as soon as one place is sufficiently supplied with the new coin a date shall be fixed after which the old coin shall cease to circulate. Unless this plan is carried out with extreme precaution and dex-

* H. White: *Money and Banking*, 2nd Edition, p. 25.

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terity, it may bring about a serious depreciation of the old coins and a general disturbance of prices.

But the disposal of the old copper coins is likely to be even more difficult than the disposal of the silver coins. During the last decade or so over $100,000,000 worth of copper cash has been forced into circulation. To this must be added the quantity illegally coined, which is believed to be enormous. The southern provinces have been literally flooded with this copper cash. The harm done, especially to the working classes, can readily be understood.

Two propositions were advanced. One is to redeem all the old copper at " fixed low prices " so as to save the Government from the loss of redeeming and recoining; the other is to raise the value of the old copper to a fixed point so as to enable them to circulate as new subsidiary coins. Of course, to put one of these propositions into practice is as hard as the other. The officials must have realized that to raise the value of these old copper cash arbitrarily and keep them at that high level for any length of time is as hard as to raise the price of rice, unless they " corner " enough of it and stop further planting at the same time. They must also have seen that to redeem the copper cash at a low price, fixed arbitrarily, is likely to be either futile or dangerous.

After much deliberation, the Board decided that the different viceroys and governors be instructed to proclaim that during the first year from the date when the new coin is put into circulation in their provinces any single transaction not exceeding as a maximum three dollars in value according to the market exchange may be made with the copper, and that during the second year the maximum shall be reduced to one dollar. At the same time the Government shall gradually redeem such coins. It is hoped that after two or three years the quantity of such copper cash may be greatly reduced, after which the Board of Finance is to adopt a final way of disposal.

The importance of this currency reform can hardly be overestimated. The financial weakness of the country is the leading cause of China's precarious condition. To reorganize her finances is the only thing which will make any other reform possible. She cannot reorganize her finances, unless and until she has a uniform system of currency. All those who are interested in the matter agree that a uniform sys-

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tem is what China needs. Therefore, China's efforts, as seen throughout her programme, have been largely directed toward that goal.

Another notable feature in connection with this reform is the special attention which the Government gave to the habits and well-being of the people. This is gratifying not only from the political point of view, but from that of the success of the reform as well. Without special regard to the habits of the people China could never carry out her currency or any other reform, and her recent edict and regulations would not meet with any better fate than the proclamation of Ann or the English currency law of 1707 as applied in the American colonies.

So far we have discussed what China has decided to do, or, in other words, what is still on paper, and so far nothing appears very difficult. But to carry out the programme is an entirely different problem. In China, as it is in many other countries, the "vested interests" are the worst foes of wholesome reforms. Therefore, it is very possible that China may find it too difficult to carry out her programme. The central Government is sincere and earnest and is cautious in each step it takes. It will also have at least the moral support of the foreign Powers and the large body of foreign residents in China in this undertaking which has so vast a national as well as an international importance. Moreover, there seems to be a general awakening among the people. Even the "powerful body of bankers," who have been suspected by some Western observers to be in opposition to the reform, have already shown signs of being ready to sacrifice personal interests for the advantage of the nation. According to the recent report of a correspondent of the London *Times*, the leading bankers in Peking have held a meeting at which they decided "to form an association with branches in the provinces to assist the carrying out of the currency reforms." "To accomplish this reform," as remarked the *North China Herald*, "will require the same motive power . . . that was available in the case of the suppression of opium in the face of official and popular apathy." It is pertinent to the question to note that China has been successful in her opium crusade.

CHING-CHUN WANG.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE"

BY REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U.S.N. (RETIRED).

PREFATORY NOTE

PROBABLY no act of the late Thomas B. Reed so commended itself to the judgment of the thoughtful and conservative element of the country as the determined stand taken by him as Speaker of the House of Representatives during the third session of the Fifty-fifth Congress in resisting the purpose of various interests to compel the Congress to direct President McKinley to use armed intervention, if necessary, in forcing the Spanish Government to effect immediate and important reforms as regards the colonial administration of the Island of Cuba.

Mr. Reed believed, and subsequent events confirmed this conviction, that the condition of affairs in Cuba had been exaggerated and that the Madrid authorities, realizing the deep sentiment in America concerning the question, would substantially yield every demand based upon humanity and justice.

The action of Mr. Reed was founded upon equity, common sense, and patriotism. He appreciated the fact that due to climatic, racial, and financial reasons the problem of administering the internal affairs of Cuba was an exceedingly complicated and difficult one. It was only by reason of the deplorable destruction of the *Maine* that Mr. Reed was prevented from helping to bring about a more satisfactory condition of affairs in Cuba and a better permanent understanding between Spain and the United States.

The suggestion that the cause of the destruction of the *Maine* could be attributable either directly or indirectly to the action of the Spanish authorities seemed incredible to a man of Mr. Reed's training and temperament. Viewed from a moral, diplomatic, or military standpoint, the countenancing by the Spanish authorities of the destruction of the vessel was incomprehensible, since such action could only result in the loss to Spain of all its American possessions. The theory that any individual or collection of men could have planted an explosive mine contiguous to the best berthing buoy in the harbor of Havana without the knowledge of either the military or naval authorities of the port seemed to him to be beyond the probability of successful accomplishment.

The investigation of the matter in such a manner that would commend itself to other nations appealed to him as a matter of justice. It was common rumor that he regarded the subject as one of international import, since it was his conviction that the explosion was due to causes inherent in the design, construction, and operation of a modern battleship.

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In furtherance of a deep-seated purpose to undertake a closer study of the matter as an important public duty, Mr. Reed wrote to Rear-Admiral Melville, then Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy, concerning the latter's views as to the cause of the destruction of the *Maine*. The reply of Admiral Melville is contained in the following letter and is deemed of importance as representing the views of an exceedingly large contingent of thoughtful officers of the American navy. It was written about nine years ago and represents extended and thoughtful study of the matter by one whose official position permitted him to obtain all possible information upon the subject. —THE EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 29, 1902.*

DEAR MR. REED,—About a year ago a distinguished Admiral of our Navy, after traveling through Europe and interviewing the naval officials of several countries, declared that practically no experts on the Continent, and but few in England, believed that the *Maine* had been destroyed by the Spaniards. The conclusion that the explosion was due entirely to internal causes was held by many of our friends in Europe. As the opinions of neither Portuguese nor Spanish naval experts were sought, the above decision is that reached by comparatively disinterested parties.

Before giving my reasons why I believe the Spanish officials were guiltless of the charge of committing such a cruel deed, it may be pertinent to mention something about the comity existing between the personnel of the navies of the world. It is an invariable custom for naval officials to give a sincere, courteous, and cordial greeting to every war-ship that enters any of its ports. Once the anchor of any visiting war-ship is down, the stranger is regarded as a friend and particular care is taken that such a guest is not subjected to any indignity or treatment that might mar his pleasure. Even if the visit of the foreign ship had not been desired or previously encouraged by the officials of the port, all resentment ceases when the vessel enters harbor.

There always has been, and must necessarily be, a high standard of honor among the commissioned personnel of every naval service. The nature of their duties brings naval officers in contact with the most cultured and refined of every nation. The traditions of the service are such that even at an early age the commissioned personnel appreciate the fact that their official conduct, deportment, and bearing are under observation and that, by virtue of their position, all officers of the navy are expected to uphold the dignity and honor of the flag.

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From the time a war-ship enters a harbor the naval officials of the port regard the ship's complement as guests and not as passing visitors. There is hardly an instance on record where there has been a failure to exchange official courtesies between ship and shore, and it is seldom the case where some personal hospitality has not been extended to the captain of the foreign ship. The spirit of friendship and respect, pervading every naval service, is such, that the visitor need never be told that the host holds himself personally responsible for his comfort and safety. There is probably no act that will so humiliate naval officials as the subjection of any of their guests to personal violence, even from irresponsible persons. In order to atone for such breaches of hospitality the naval officials of the port will make any sacrifice or expiation that can in honor be demanded.

For twenty years previous to the visit of the *Maine* the Spanish officials had substantially informed both our diplomatic and naval representatives that visits of our warships were not particularly desired. It became necessary at times, however, in the performance of duty, for our war-vessels to enter Spanish ports, and it should be said that whenever such visits were made it was the invariable experience that the Spanish officials tried in every honorable way to make their guests welcome. There were many reasons, however, for the friction which existed. Probably the leading cause was the Spanish belief that the Cuban revolutionists had for years been supplied with arms and ammunition by filibustering expeditions illegally fitted out in the United States. It may also be that the Spaniards had not forgotten our sympathy for the several South-American countries that by revolution had renounced their allegiance to Spain.

It will also be recalled to mind that in 1872 the Spanish cruiser *Numancia* entered the harbor of New York. Being in need of repairs, this vessel, through courtesy of our naval officials, was permitted to enter the stone dock at the navy-yard. Just about this time the unfortunate *Virginius* affair occurred. Providentially for us, a canal-boat with several hundred tons of coal sunk in front of the stone dock where the *Numancia* was on the blocks. The sinking of the coal-barge prevented the removal of the caisson, and thus the Spanish armored ship lay helpless in the dock for any destructive work against our ships and harbors.

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It is a saying that all is fair in love and war. Probably every naval power would have also rejoiced if, under like circumstances, the most powerful vessel of a possible foe could have been tied up in some crucial hour in such an effective manner. There was not an officer in our service who did not personally sympathize with the commander and crew of the *Numancia* in being deprived of the opportunity to proceed immediately if required to a possible scene of action. Measures were taken to convince the Spanish Government that in no manner could the war-ship's crew be held responsible for her predicament. From the moment, therefore, that the *Numancia* was in position where she could not be used by the Spaniards all manner of courtesies were extended her officials, and the vessel was guarded as carefully as if she were our own. The *Numancia* incident illustrates the manner in which naval officers of every nation may countenance extending the stay of a foreign war-ship in port in times of emergency.

There is every reason to assume that in the winter of 1898 neither the Madrid nor the Havana authorities believed that war was imminent. In fact, to demonstrate its belief that war was not probable, the Spanish Government had ordered the *Viscaya* to proceed to New York. This was before the Spaniards had the slightest intimation that we intended sending a vessel to Havana. With the remembrance of the *Numancia* experience, and realizing that all things were possible to Yankee ingenuity, the Madrid authorities sent the *Viscaya* to an American port. If war had even been thought to have been probable, the Spanish Admiralty must have been convinced that the services of the *Viscaya* would have been lost to them and that in some way she would have followed the fate of the *Numancia*. The importance of this visit at the particular time cannot be too strongly dwelt upon. The official correspondence of both the civil and military Spanish officials, written prior to the *Maine* experience, conclusively shows that Spain did not regard herself as a match for us on the ocean. Her ablest men had almost a full comprehension of the ruin that awaited her, and therefore many of her best leaders were working strenuously to maintain peace and to avert war.

On January 24, 1898, the Havana authorities were unexpectedly told by Consul-General Lee that it was the wish of the Department of State that arrangements might be made

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for the friendly visit of the *Maine* to Havana. It was hoped that an interchange of official calls between the commander of the *Maine* and the Spanish authorities would have a tendency to create good feeling. It is a matter of record that the Spanish officials thought otherwise and gave no encouragement to the suggestion. Eighteen hours from the time the request was made, and even before Captain-General Weyler had consented to welcome the visitor, the *Maine* steamed into Havana. The Spaniards were too proud and too courteous to show any expression of regret, but too humiliated to extend any other than the most formal of official courtesies.

The harbor of Havana is small. Its area, to a depth of eighteen feet, is only about one and one-eighth square miles. A small shoal encroaches upon this limited area. Vessels when discharging or loading cargo are compelled to go to wharves or tie to buoys. The entrance to the harbor is only a cable in width. The channel from the inner harbor to the open sea is eight cables in length. There is possibly no harbor in the world whose channel can be so easily and so simply mined as that of Havana. With the aid of the powerful forts on shore, and by mining the channel between the open sea and the inner harbor, the Spanish engineers must have known that the city could never be taken by a fleet and that any mining of the inner harbor was absolutely unnecessary. The Spaniards are great military engineers, and they could not have been ignorant of the fact that the explosion of a massive mine placed within the harbor would destroy the shipping slips and public buildings near the water's edge. Any mines planted by them would have been placed only in positions where they would have imperiled any ships attempting to force entrance into the harbor.

It is a matter of record that the buoy used by the *Maine* was a very desirable one and that Spanish merchant ships had been secured to it up to the time the *Maine* arrived. When this buoy was not in use the harbor master had taken many ships in close proximity to it, for the harbor is so small that he could not have done otherwise. All the lighterage work done in Havana harbor previous to and since the destruction of the *Maine* has been carried on by Cuban and West-Indian laborers. As only a massive mine could have blown up the *Maine*, some 'longshoremen's work would have been required to lay it down. If either soldiers or

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sailors had done the work the undertaking would have attracted attention. It is remarkable that no evidence has ever been presented that any work of this nature was done either by laborers, soldiers or sailors around this buoy previous to the destruction of the *Maine*.

It is pertinent at this point to recall to mind the several powerful influences that were making for peace and that would have prevented any Spanish official from even planning the destruction of an American war-ship. The business of the island was practically in the hands of Spanish merchants, and heavy financial loss, if not absolute ruin, imperiled the commercial and maritime interests by a declaration of war. Both the military and naval leaders in Cuba recognized the fact that the island would be lost to Spain if hostilities commenced. The Spanish official correspondence of both civil and military leaders in Cuba proved that these men fully realized the inevitable outcome of any conflict with the United States and that they plainly presented to the Madrid authorities the disadvantages under which the Spanish forces would labor in attempting to hold the island. These officials had positions of honor and trust, and if no higher motives would prompt them to prevent war the loss of high salaries and substantial perquisites might have impelled them to continue existing conditions. The holders of the Cuban bonds were working for peace. Powerful financial forces were working upon the several Courts of Europe to offer their good services in bringing about amicable relations. In the United States nearly all in official authority were working strenuously for peace, and the Spanish Minister, Señor Dupuy de Lome, thus reported to his Government. The Speaker of the House held in check the extremists of both parties, and it was fully understood that no resolution which would have a tendency to provoke war would receive consideration at his hands. The Secretary of the Navy was an advocate for peace, and the disposition of the ships under his command was so arranged as to give the least offense to the Spanish authorities. The country believed that the policy of President McKinley was a very conservative one, and confidence was expressed that by discreet judgment and tactful diplomacy our Chief Executive would be able to arrange some compromise whereby the honor of both countries would be maintained.

The laying down of a great mine near one of the most im-

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portant buoys in Havana harbor could only have been successfully accomplished by some military or naval expert possessing special knowledge of the power and effect of explosives. It is inconceivable why some participant who had knowledge of any guilty transaction has not given evidence upon this point long before this. For over three years the Government of Cuba has been practically administered by our military authorities, and the revenues of the island have been at the command of American officials to gather testimony as to whether or not Spanish officials were directly or indirectly concerned in the transaction. It is also important to note that the administration of affairs in Cuba has been severely attacked in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies. The opponents of General Weyler have been so anxious to secure his downfall that they would not have hesitated to show up the guilty parties who blew up the *Maine* if any evidence was within reach that would have implicated any of General Weyler's favorites.

The history of the world shows that amidst the gloom and bitterness of defeat men's tongues are loosened and that the populace who have suffered reverses are keen to seek charges against former rulers and administrators who have brought the country to disaster and humiliation. Not a single Spanish official has ever yet been specifically, or even indirectly, accused of this grave act. There were times, after the destruction of the *Maine,* when the Spanish soldiers were without pay and when they were on limited rations. While enduring even injustice and suffering, is it possible that subordinates would have kept quiet if they had known anything that would have condemned their leaders who were presumed to be living in luxury and ease while the rank and file were hungry and ill-clothed?

If the *Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine, what became of the fragments of the shell of the mine? It is to be presumed that our divers received special instruction to look for such evidence. The morning after the explosion our flag was hoisted over the wreck and we maintained possession until a day or two before war was declared. Absolute respect for the extraterritorial rights of the United States as to the possession of the wreck was admitted by the Spanish authorities. Their naval experts were, therefore, prevented from examining the interior of the vessel until after General Lee vacated his post under instruction

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from the Secretary of State. The recognition of our sovereignty under such circumstances is presumptive evidence of the Spanish belief that official investigation would acquit them of complicity in the affair.

As a matter of interest, if not of direct importance, it will not be amiss to tell something of the actual luck and success that the Spanish officials secured in laying down submarine mines in several of the Cuban ports. The channels leading to Santiago and Guantanamo were mined by the Spaniards, and the unreliability and worthlessness of these contact mines were absolutely and conclusively shown. Upon the capture of Santiago, the army engineers raised the mines protecting that harbor. An official report of these experts showed that the mines were about as capable of doing harm as so many cylinders of powder dropped into the bay. It was the army engineers who first raised these mines and they are the ones who ought to give the most convincing evidence as to their condition when found.

While cruising in Guantanamo Bay both the U.S.S. *Texas* and the U.S.S. *Marblehead* actually struck such mines with their screw propellers. Can better evidence be afforded as to the crudeness and worthlessness of such contrivance? It has been said that one of the mines thus struck by the screw propeller of one of our war-ships had only been planted a little over four weeks.

For the year succeeding the battle of Santiago our military and naval personnel came in close touch with the Spanish commanders and civil officials. It is the unanimous testimony of all our officials that during the war Spain had in Cuba a class of military and naval officers who were men of honor and who upheld the best traditions of a military service. The dignity of these men in defeat, their frankness in conference, their bravery in battle, and the manhood they displayed in the presence of their victors greatly impressed every one. The spirit and strength with which they bore adversity show that they were not only incapable of this crime, but that they would not have countenanced the act being done by any one else.

It will be remembered that the Spanish Commission of Inquiry made official application to both the commander of the *Maine* and to the American Court of Inquiry to make a joint investigation of the cause of the accident. This act showed at least an apparent desire to arrive at the truth.

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In the light of after events it seems regrettable that a joint prosecution of the work of attempting to discover the cause was not carried on.

The more study and reflection I give to this question, the more convinced I am that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to an internal explosion. In giving this opinion there is no desire nor intention to reflect either upon the discipline or morale of the ship, nor upon the sincerity of the views of the Court of Inquiry. It is certain that in view of the peculiar condition under which the *Maine* entered the harbor of Havana that extra precautions were taken by her commander and that extreme vigilance was exercised by her crew. The Court of Inquiry pursued its investigation with a full knowledge of the great importance and terrible responsibility that rested upon the individual members. Additional light, however, has been thrown upon the question during the past three years, so that one is justified in now differing with the members of the Court as to the cause of the accident.

Extended investigations show that there have been explosions of magazines and coal-bunkers which have been inexplicable and which took place under circumstances that seemed impossible to account for. Such is probably the case with the *Maine*.

It is very significant that in the history of the American navy explosions on board war-ships have occurred in connection with remarkable events. The first steam-vessel for war purposes in the United States Navy, or in any navy for that matter, was the *Demologos* or *Fulton*. This vessel was designed by Robert Fulton and built under his supervision in New York in 1814 while the war with Great Britain was going on. On the 4th of July, 1815, the *Demologos* made a passage from New York City to the ocean and back, steaming fifty miles in all without any aid from her sails. Robert Fulton died in 1815 before the final touches were put on the vessel. With his death the interest in the vessel abated, and the *Demologos* was taken to the Brooklyn Navy-yard and used as a receiving-ship for many years. On the 4th day of June, 1829, her magazine, containing two and one-half barrels of *damaged* powder used for firing the morning and evening gun, blew up, entirely destroying the vessel, killing twenty-four persons and wounding nineteen others. The cause of the explosion has never been known, although there was a

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tale current at the time that it was the deliberate act of a gunner's mate who had been flogged the morning of the day on which the catastrophe occurred. It is also said to have resulted from gross carelessness, survivors stating that the powder was kept in open bags. It was current rumor that a marine sergeant had a desk in the "bag-room," which room was separated from the magazine by a sliding door and that the sergeant used an open light to do his work. Whatever the cause, the destruction was complete and terminated the history of *the first steam-vessel of war ever built.* It would seem as if it ought to have been an easy matter to determine the cause of such an explosion.

It may be now interesting to tell something of the U.S.S. *Princeton, the first steam war-vessel fitted with screw propellers,* and of a gun explosion which took place on board that ship. The *Princeton* was designed by John Ericsson and was completed in 1844. She was exhibited as a marine wonder at various places along the coast. On February 28, 1844, the *Princeton* sailed from Washington on a pleasure and trial trip down the Potomac River, having on board President Tyler and his Cabinet. There was also on board a distinguished party of civil and military officials, invited by Captain Stockton to witness the performance of the vessel and her machinery. The trip down the river was a great success. On the return trip one of those irresponsible persons who are always doing something that ought not to be done, and whose names are never known afterward, wanted to have the big gun known as "Peacemaker" fired again "just for fun." Although Captain Stockton dissented at first, as the guns had been thoroughly exercised earlier in the day, he yielded, however, upon the good-natured wish expressed by the Secretary of the Navy to let the guests have all the sport that they wished. The gun was fired. It burst, injuring many people, among them Captain Stockton himself. The Hon. Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State, and Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, were killed, as were also other distinguished guests. It is to be expected that on board a man-of-war which was carrying such distinguished guests as the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Navy extra precautions would be taken in the firing of the gun, and there is no doubt that unusual care was exercised that day. Nevertheless, despite the special injunction of the officers to ex-

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ercise care, the gun did explode. It may be incidentally stated in connection with this accident that fifty years ago a much poorer quality of gunpowder was manufactured and that the gun was probably designed to withstand about fifty times the pressure to which it was subjected. The incident proves that responsibility for explosions cannot be evaded by simply showing that unusual care had been taken to prevent any such accident.

The records of the navy show that we have had several ships which were absolutely and directly destroyed by torpedoes. In the battle of Mobile Bay the monitor *Tecumseh,* while the foremost vessel in line of attack and while advancing upon the Confederate ram *Tennessee,* was destroyed by a torpedo underneath her. The swiftness and character of her destruction may be comprehended from the following extract of a lecture delivered eight years ago by an eyewitness. This witness was Commander Harrie Webster, United States Navy, who, as an assistant engineer, was in the turret of the monitor *Manhattan* in charge of its turning-gear. The *Manhattan* at the time was only two hundred yards distant from the *Tecumseh.* Commander Webster thus tells of the explosion:

"A tiny white comber of froth curled around her bow, a tremendous shock ran through our ship *(Manhattan)* as though we had struck a rock, and as rapidly as these words flow from my lips the *Tecumseh* reeled a little to starboard, her bows settled beneath the surface, and while we looked her stern lifted high in the air with the propeller still revolving and the ship pitched out of sight like an arrow twanged from her bow."

Commander Webster delivered this lecture several years before the *Maine* was destroyed, and it will be noted that he says nothing of flames of fire and the hurling of débris. In the case of the *Tecumseh* the hull was simply ruptured and there was a mighty rush of water which caused the ship to sink almost immediately. Particular attention is called to the fact that the ship was destroyed by an external stationary mine or immovable torpedo.

The Confederate ram *Albemarle* and the U.S. gunboat *Housatonic* were sunk in 1864 by mobile torpedoes. In both cases the hull was ruptured, and the rush of water into the ship was so sudden that the magazines were flooded and thus the explosion of powder and shell was prevented.

In the case of the collier *Merrimac,* during the Spanish-American War, a number of special mines were placed on

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the outside of the ship just opposite the machinery compartments. Unusual care was taken by Constructor Richmond P. Hobson in locating these explosives, for he had considerable time to settle upon the most desirable places. Although he attached them to places opposite the machinery compartments, there was no explosion of the boilers or steam-pipes, although steam was on the boilers at the time.

During the war between Peru and Chile in 1879, and again during the Brazilian troubles in 1896, ships were destroyed by mobile torpedoes. In several instances the crews of the war-ships simply deserted, leaving powder and shell in their magazines. Torpedoes were discharged at these abandoned ships or "derelicts." The vessels were sunk, but there is no evidence that there were any internal explosions following the one from without.

The destruction of the *Tecumseh, Albemarle,* and *Housatonic,* as well as the sinking of vessels of other navies, conclusively shows that where there is an explosion from without it is the hull that receives the force of the blow and that rupture is followed by the instantaneous flow of water into the magazines, thus preventing interior explosions.

In the history of explosives the whole weight of evidence goes to show that when a war-ship is destroyed either by a mobile or stationary torpedo the flow of water through the rupture is so rapid into the ship that it will be the rare exception when an internal explosion follows. From an engineering standpoint this phenomenon can be accounted for by the fact that there are linings to magazines and that boilers rest on saddles, thus giving just enough cushioning to prevent the shock from being directly transmitted.

In view of the experience of our own vessels, as well as from data secured from the series of five-hundred-pound gun-cotton discharge against Her Majesty's ship *Oberon,* conducted in 1875, it can be stated with a good deal of certainty that had the disaster to the *Maine* been caused by anything but an internal explosion the effects would have been absolutely different from those recorded.

War-ships have been destroyed by explosions from within, and a few comments in connection with such catastrophes may afford evidence that has an important relation to the *Maine* disaster. The British navy suffered the loss of the gunboat *Doterel* from an internal explosion. This vessel was lost in 1881 in the Straits of Magellan. The Admiralty

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made an extended investigation of the loss of this ship, for it was believed that the disaster was due to an explosion in the coal-bunker. The final decision has been reached that the explosion resulted directly from the ignition of the fumes from a paint-locker which was adjacent to one of the magazines. Flame and débris were shot upward. The back of the vessel was broken. In fact, the results produced were similar in some respects to those that were observed on the *Maine*.

In November of the same year a mysterious explosion occurred in the paint-room of Her Majesty's ship *Triumph*, resulting in the death of two of the crew and the wounding of eight others.

In 1891 the U.S.S. *Atlanta*, when only one day out of port and during the fury of a gale, had an explosion in her paint-locker from which two men died. The Navy Department made a careful investigation of the affair, a chemist from the United States Torpedo Station at Newport being one of the Court of Inquiry. The evidence adduced showed that it was absolutely dangerous to keep certain shellacs and varnishes below decks. As a result of this accident special tanks are now kept on the hurricane or main decks of our war-ships for holding such dangerous liquids.

There have been numerous instances where the gasoline-tanks of steam-launches and pleasure-boats have exploded. Where these internal explosions occur flame arises and there is havoc within the boat. The result is absolutely different from that which takes place when torpedoes or submarine mines are used to destroy wrecks and hindrances to navigation.

It may be said that where there is an internal explosion masses of flames as well as smoke and débris shoot upward. Where a massive or powerful submarine mine is used columns of water are projected.

The resulting effects to vessels from external explosions have been summarized thus by Admiral Dupont of the French navy:

"Mobile torpedoes, whether launched from a tube, carried in a boat, or intrusted to the current when striking the object, such as a ship, produce a clean rent with slight dislocation. A water-spout is produced, accompanied by dull detonation. The ship remains relatively intact in all parts except those in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. In no case recorded have fire and flames followed."

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In the case of the stationary torpedo or massive mine a large and deep hole is dug up. A waterspout is produced and there is a rise to the water that resolves itself into a long wave. To produce any substantial effect, however, the stationary mine must be very large. Time and patience are required to locate it in a definite place. It is hardly possible that such work could be done successfully except in daylight. In the case of the exterior explosion there is neither fire nor flame. It may also be stated that both in the case of the mobile torpedo and the stationary mine all fish in the water for some distance are killed and that the shock is transmitted for a considerable distance.

Where the explosion is within the ship the results are absolutely different from the case where the explosion takes place without the vessel. When the explosion is within, heavy flames arise, débris is scattered, and there is a great mass of smoke shot directly above the vessel. The rupture is great and irregular and havoc is general. When the explosion is from without, the damage is not local, the effect often being noted for miles distant from the scene.

In the destruction of the *Maine* Captain Sigsbee states that there was a bursting, rending, and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in its character. It was succeeded by a metallic sound — probably of falling débris—a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel. The passengers of the *City of Washington,* which vessel was only about three hundred feet distant on the *Maine's* port quarter, declare that a few seconds after hearing the report of the explosion there came forth from the center of the ship a terrible mass of fire and then things went over their heads. The flames were seen a few seconds after the explosion. These passengers were eye-witnesses of the affair, for they were on the deck of their steamer when the *Maine* blew up. One need not have a very deep knowledge of the theory of explosives to understand that since the *Maine* had quite a heavy protective deck, and the magazine was in the bottom of the ship, it required several seconds for the conversion and ignition of the explosives from a solid to a gaseous state. In some of the chemical reactions that were produced it probably required the oxygen of the air to complete combustion and produce flame. This is why the shock of the explosion would be heard at a short distance before the flames would be seen.

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The terrible havoc that was wrought to the ship could only have been caused by an internal explosion. The ship, to all intents and purposes, was ready for battle and her magazines were well filled with explosives consisting of powder and shell. The powder and shell in her magazines were of the best character that we possessed. It must not be forgotten that the force of the new modern powders is from four to five times greater than that of the old powders. Although chemists have done much to make the new powders tractable and suitable for ballistic purposes, yet from the very fact that guncotton and nitroglycerine are used in combination in their manufacture, it is evident that there is always danger that the presence of some foreign agent may cause reaction that will produce explosions.

On June 5, 1901, the magazines at the Mare Island Navy-yard exploded. Three minutes after the report was heard a photograph was taken, and the camera caught the volume of smoke or vapor at least a mile high. The photograph distinctly showed that the volume of flame and débris was sent directly upward. The accident at Mare Island proves that the modern high explosive cannot be considered a tractable and safe compound.

It has been claimed that the explosion or shock from without produced a great explosion within the vessel. If shock from without will produce an explosion within, then it may be pertinent to ask why the magazines of war-ships do not explode when the war-vessels suddenly hit projecting rocks, butt into wharves, or crush against each other when colliding. In all these cases there is sudden and violent shock to the frames and plates of the hull. Wherein can the use of the ram be justified in warfare if shock to the hull of a battleship will detonate the high explosives in the magazines. If simple shock will produce detonation of the high explosives, how is it that the blowing-up of a war-ship is not of frequent occurrence?

Only a year previous to the destruction of the *Maine,* while that vessel was in the harbor of New York, she steamed at maximum speed into one of the city docks to prevent her colliding with a passenger-boat filled with people. High explosives within a vessel are not detonated by shock from without, for if they were the modern battleship would be more dangerous to her own crew than to any one else.

Although comparatively few battleships have been de-

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stroyed from the explosion of their magazines, yet there is not a sea-going officer who, at some time within his own experience, has not believed that his vessel had been imperiled from such cause. By mentioning a few experiences in our own service we can get an idea of what is going on elsewhere. The magazines of the U.S.S. *Cincinnati* are located between some of her coal-bunkers. Upon one occasion, either from fire in the bunkers or from some other cause, the iron bulkheads of the magazines were heated to such an extent as to actually char and, in some cases, almost completely burn the pine boxes in which the shell were contained. Fortunately the condition of affairs was discovered in time to permit the flooding of the magazine. There is not an officer who was on board the ship at the time who does not believe that the flooding of the magazine compartment prevented the destruction of the *Cincinnati*. This danger has occurred also on two other ships of the American navy, for on board the flag-ships *Philadelphia* and *New York* the magazines were heated to a dangerous condition.

Shortly after war was declared against Spain one of the crew of the U.S.S. *Puritan* gained access in some mysterious manner to the magazine. The mind of this man was supposed to be affected, and as he had previously declared his intention to wreak vengeance upon the ship and her officers, the crew believed that he entered the magazine without authority to destroy himself and the vessel. When interrogated about his action he could give no satisfactory explanation for forcing his way into the magazine. The instances that could be mentioned of commanding officers being apprehensive as to the conditions of their magazines are exceedingly numerous.

One of the principal reasons ascribed for maintaining that the explosion of the *Maine* was due to a stationary mine was the upheaval of the keel. When one remembers that the after part of the ship was comparatively uninjured and the bow appears to be fairly whole the question arises: would it be possible for the fore part in sinking while the after part was water-borne to so bend the thin bottom as to force up part of the keel?

If the *Maine* is ever raised, it will be clearly established whether the bending of the plating was caused in this way or whether the distortion was due to a vertically acting force exerted from beneath the ship.

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The wreckage of the *Maine* shows that the vessel was subjected to terrific and various forces tending to her destruction. There were not only direct, but reactionary forces, which tended to distort plates and frames. It has been said that the bow "sunk like a shot," and who can picture the effect of such a mass of material being disrupted from the main portions of the vessel? An explosion which would demolish a ship's sides, separate massive frames, tear loose the protective deck, and break a vessel in two must have been exerted in every direction. If it was an internal explosion, then it would also tend to drive the double bottom downward. As the mud was but a few feet beneath the keel there might have been a recoil of reaction when the ship struck the bottom, thus causing the keel and lower plates of the hull to buckle.

A point that will always militate against the submarine-mine theory is that no considerable body of water was thrown up by the explosion. It was no moderate charge of explosive which destroyed the battleship, and any excessive amount exploded in a harbor whose depth did not exceed thirty feet could not have failed to have sent forth great volumes of water. Is it not also possible that the explosion might have occurred in this wise? At first a small explosion or detonation would take place in part of the shell-room or in some corner of the magazine. The conversion of a great mass of solid explosive to a gaseous state would tend to exert pressure in all directions. That part of the pressure exerted downward might disrupt the hull and deliver the whole contents of the magazine to the opening. Then when the remainder of the powder and shell exploded a part might be exerted in throwing the ship up while the other part would tear up the whole interior arrangement.

In the several magazines of the *Maine* there were different size shell and various kinds of powder. It is possible that some of the shell had been loaded some months previous to the disaster. It therefore took variable times for the different kinds of powder to burn and explode, and no one is capable of telling or even imagining what did occur.

The harbor of Havana at this time was regarded by navigators as a very unhealthy and unclean one. The city refuse was not carried far enough to sea to prevent it being deposited in the harbor. The water was very much discolored and it was impossible for the divers working on the wreck

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to distinguish objects except in a very indistinct manner. They therefore had to exercise their senses of touch in coming to conclusions. Expert testimony of this description requires confirmatory proof to establish its directness and completeness.

The divers at work beneath the wreck also testify that there was a confused mass of material and that the tangle of jagged plates and ship's fittings made it very difficult for them to prosecute their work. They maintained that it was dangerous for them to move amongst the wreckage, for the sharp edges of projecting plates and angles were liable to cut the life-lines and air-tubes. Extra precautions had to be taken to prevent their rubber suits from being punctured. The evidence upon material points cannot be regarded as positive and authentic, for the disadvantages under which the divers labored could easily cause them to be mistaken as to details.

The effect of boiler explosions ought to furnish some substantial evidence as to the cause of the blowing up of the *Maine*. The majority of boilers in use are simple cylinders, and it would seem that an explosion from internal causes would simply disrupt the plates, thus permitting the steam and water to escape. The practical results are quite different. Not only is the shell ruptured, but at times the plates are rolled over each other and all manner of contortions are produced. It is often the case that the boiler appears, after one of these explosions, as if some heavy weight had fallen upon it. The condition in which boilers are found after explosions cannot be accounted for by known laws. There are instances where the boiler has been blown through the roof of a building; there are other cases where the shell has gone through the sides of heavy walls. The boiler has even been projected downward until it has been imbedded to some extent in the earth. The effect of boiler explosions has been everything from the simple escape of steam to the complete destruction of massive buildings.

Experience shows that when an explosion occurs from within it is possible for the shell of the structure, whether it be a tunnel, building, tank, or boiler, to be so damaged that the cause could be ascribed to any number of possible combinations. When the explosion is from without, the breach is purely local and the wreck of the explosive can be definitely traced.

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It has been stated that the bow of the wreck of the *Maine* has shifted its position very perceptibly. In view of this fact, it is possible that after the hull of the *Maine* was materially injured the bow broke off and as it sank it shifted its position due to the character of the bottom of the harbor at several points. The fact that the bow is at an angle with the stern may be accounted for by the fact that the tide had something to do with this change in position.

As this country officially disclaimed that war with Spain was waged on account of the blowing-up of the *Maine,* and as it is not possible even in the naval service to induce men and officers to use the cry of "Remember the *Maine,*" this nation can very consistently view the whole tragedy in the light of events that occurred before, during and since the war.

We now have a higher appreciation of the character and manhood of Spanish soldiery. The courage of Admiral Cervera and his officers and crews in going to inevitable defeat in an effort to uphold the honor of their flag conclusively shows that such men were not guilty of deliberate assassination. The Spaniards showed during the last war that they could die as soldiers should, and such men would neither countenance nor would they take part in any act that was unworthy of a true soldier in arms.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE.

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NEW YORK AND ITS THREE LIBRARIES

BY RICHARD GARNETT

FOUR great principles, solemnly recognized by the French nation, meet the eye inscribed upon every public building in Paris. They are: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, Défense d'afficher.*" With the two latter we are not here concerned, but of the two former it may be said that they are a pair very unequally yoked. The certain effect of Liberty is to destroy Equality in the sense in which it is understood by most philosophical theorists; if, on the other hand, their conceptions had prevailed, New York would not possess, nor could we discuss, an Astor, a Lenox, or a Tilden Library. Should they, therefore, ever place an inscription corresponding to the French epigraph upon any of their public buildings, it will be advisable to make it clear that the equality denoted is that contemplated by the framers of the Declaration of Independence, and so perversely misunderstood by the champions of privilege no less than by the champions of the unimpeded exercise of their faculties and opportunities, and the uncontrolled disposal, subject to a very few obviously necessary restrictions, of whatever is rightfully theirs. The mischief which would have been wrought by legislative endeavors to bring about, not equality of rights, but equality of social condition, would always be proportionate to the wealth and public spirit of the community in which they were made. They would be especially conspicuous in communities of Anglo-Saxon race, inasmuch as it is always observed that among these the most prosperous institutions owe their existence to the munificence, or at least the impulse, of private individuals. When, however, these have laid the foundation, the State or the local community may often profitably step in and develop what it might not have been able to create. No more remarkable instance, perhaps, can be given than the growth of the British Museum out

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of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, and the example may not be without profit to the city of New York, enriched as it has been by those similar benefactors—John Jacob Astor, who set the example; James Lenox, who followed it up; and Mr. Tilden, whose noble bequest, partly secured for the community after much legislation, has led to the fusion of the three libraries into one, which must be great if it is to be worthy of the Empire City.

It is remarkable that while the New York bequests, but for the element of fine art in Mr. Lenox's, are all library, the library was the weakest point in Sir Hans Sloane's. Though possessed of a most highly cultivated mind, Sir Hans was rather a man of science than a man of letters. He had been a great physician and a great naturalist. He had first signalized himself as a collector by returning from Jamaica in 1689 with specimens of eight hundred species of plants. He was then twenty-nine, and during the whole remainder of a life prolonged to ninety-two he was diligent in amassing not merely specimens of natural history, but books and manuscripts relating to them, as well as to his own professional pursuit of medicine. The Sloane MSS. in particular comprise not merely medical and scientific treatises, but correspondence with the leading physicians of the age and papers of the preceding generation which together, says Dr. Norman Moore, render it "one of the main sources of medical history in England from the time of Charles the Second to that of George the Second." The very completeness, however, of the Sloane collections in these respects shows how greatly, as was indeed inevitable, scientific interests predominated in the mind of the collector. Had Parliament forborne to take the matter up in an enlightened spirit the Museum might have become a kind of appendix to the College of Surgeons, to which, indeed, a portion of its contents ultimately did gravitate. It would have been a plausible contention that respect to Sir Hans Sloane's memory would be best evinced and his wishes most accurately interpreted by carrying out the objects to which his life had been devoted. It is probable, however, that he knew as well as the present distinguished head of the New York United Libraries knows, that while medicine and natural history have at least as good a claim as any other departments of human knowledge to be represented in the general library special collections of medical and zoological, geo-

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logical or botanical treatises, are of all such collections the least profitable when a century old. Virtue has gone out of them, or rather it resides in their relation to the general progress of the human mind, which requires to be studied in libraries comprising every department of knowledge, and history and philosophy above all.

When, therefore, Sir Hans Sloane's collections did at length (1753) become public property by the will of the Collector, Government and Parliament had to consider whether they would simply preserve them in the state in which they came into their hands or whether they would engraft upon them a germ of growth and development. They adopted the latter course. They were not satisfied with having probably the best medical library that the age could produce, but took steps to strengthen it, so far as circumstances allowed, in the departments in which it was admittedly deficient and to provide for its future progress in these and all others. The Kings of England possessed a noble library formed originally by Henry VIII and augmented by every succeeding sovereign until Charles II, after whom their Majesties seem to have left off reading. Parting from his books, therefore, was not altogether so grievous a trial to George the Second as to William Roscoe; nevertheless, it is to his honor that he gave up to the nation the Old Royal Library, which, down to the death of James I at least, had been formed with great liberality and discrimination. There was a splendid collection of manuscripts, formerly the property of Sir Robert Cotton, at the time belonging to the nation; and another, formed by the two Harleys, earls of Oxford, was in the market. The Cottonian was transferred to the new library; the Harleian was bought for presentation. Not long afterward George the Third acquired the unequaled collection of Civil War and Commonwealth tracts formed by the bookseller, Thomason, between 1641 and 1660 and gave them to the nation. By these various additions Sir Hans Sloane's library was at once promoted from a condition of poverty in all branches of human attainment, except medicine and natural history, to a highly respectable position in most departments; and since the Kings as collectors had in a manner represented the nation, buying much the same books as a public librarian would have bought, it acquired something of a national character. So much was the character of the entire Sloane

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bequest modified by these measures that when within a year or two it came to be organized as the British Museum it had two Keepers of literary departments (Printed Books and Manuscripts) against one only of science; and, although the first head of the institution was a man of science, this has never been the case with any of his successors.

The problem of the augmentation and general administration of the three libraries contrived at New York into a universal library may be thought to be simplified by the circumstance that while one, as yet represented solely by Mr. Tilden's bequest, has but a potential, though an assured, existence, thus permitting absolute freedom of development, the other two have had their course marked out for them by their founders. The funds available for the Astor Library became public property upon the death of Mr. Astor in 1848 and was incorporated in 1849. Its formation was intrusted in the first instance to Dr. Cogswell, an eminent scholar and bibliographer, who traced the lines on which it has been ever since maintained. Nor could they have been traced more wisely. Looking to the special needs of the great community of New York, Dr. Cogswell and the Trustees decided that the most judicious expenditure would be on Technology, Philology, and Natural Science, in all of which the Library has ever since maintained a leading position. Dr. Cogswell's munificent gift of his own library of bibliographical literature, comprising five thousand volumes, also gave the institution a character for wealth in this department. So well has the impress thus imparted been maintained that the Astor Library is said to contain hardly any "light and frivolous" books. On the other hand, it is subject to deterioration from the cause at which we have already glanced—namely, that a considerable proportion of the technological, philological, and scientific books so properly and, indeed, inevitably acquired tend to diminish in value year by year. If, therefore, the library is not to lose its character it must be kept abreast with the most recent advances in knowledge at any cost, and a large portion of its revenues may be described as mortgaged to particular branches of literature. It is, therefore, most fortunate that it should have been reinforced by another institution planned on different lines and bringing to the partnership a literary stock in no respect less suitable for a great, and more especially a great American library, but lying outside the

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peculiar range of the Astor. The fusion of the Astor and the Lenox libraries into a single institution was indeed a stroke of the highest wisdom.

Mr. Astor created and richly endowed his great institution, but did little to stamp his own personality upon it. The Lenox Library, on the other hand, reflects in a very marked degree the idiosyncrasy of its founder. A most lively account of Mr. Lenox may be met with in the *Recollections of Mr. James Lenox,* by the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont, bookseller and bibliographer, who purveyed American and much other rare literature for the British Museum and steadily built up the Lenox Library by buying rarities for Mr. Lenox in Europe. Mr. Lenox was a shy recluse bachelor whose natural disposition to solitude was intensified by the memory of an unhappy affection. Born to a wealthy inheritance, he had, like Astor, increased his fortune by successful investments in land. The ordinary ostentations of wealth had no charm for him; he shunned society, except when fulfilling what his strong religious feelings led him to consider the duty of presiding over the New York Bible Society, but noiselessly and imperceptibly picked up, one after the other, the book or manuscript, or picture, or engraving, or gem that had attracted his fancy. A man so secretive and fastidious must be an amateur; and Mr. Lenox's library is the reflection of exquisite taste displayed in particular directions, but with as many blanks as prizes.

Mr. Stevens says:

"Mr. Lenox excelled all men I ever knew for seizing ideas and perseveringly running them out to the end. His first absorbing *penchant* was for collecting early editions of the Bible and parts thereof in all languages. Then he took to books relating to North and South America, including all the great collections of voyages and travels, as well as the original editions of which they were composed. Besides these he took very early to his favorite author, John Bunyan, and undertook to collect all editions and translations.* In the same manner he undertook to bring into his net all the editions of Milton, and his collection of Miltons excels that of the British Museum and that of the Bodleian put together. This mode of collecting has certainly its advantages, but it can hardly be denied that it is attended with serious disadvantages. The result of all Mr. Lenox's enormous study and labor, to say nothing of his vast expenditure, it must be confessed, is 'a patchy library' as he left it. His favorite subjects and authors he rendered astonishingly rich, but the subjects and authors he neglected at the same time are also astonishingly numerous."

* Mr. Lenox possessed the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* long before the British Museum had it.

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He would also appear to have been highly capricious in dealing with books of the classes which he did collect. It seems almost incredible that a special collector of books relating to America, with boundless resources and who had proved his determination as a purchaser times without number, should have refused to acquire the inestimable drawings by Captain John White, attached to Raleigh's expedition in 1585-86, which the British Museum was in consequence enabled to buy for no more than £235, or little more than three pounds apiece. More amazing still is Mr. Stevens's assertion, in which he cannot well be mistaken, that he vainly sought to induce Mr. Lenox to buy an original printed copy of the Bull by which Pope Alexander VI divided the world between Spain and Portugal, which one would have thought, after Columbus's letters, the most tempting publication in the world for an American collector. These instances, alike of Mr. Lenox's spirit and enlightenment as a collector and of his occasional wrong-headedness, prove the extreme advantage of the step which has been actually taken of uniting the Lenox Library with another formed on a different principle. Its Bibles, Shakespeares, Bunyans, Izaak Waltons, De Brys, Art Books, Spanish MSS., though not in themselves sufficient to constitute the pith and substance of a great library, would enhance the riches of any library in the world and supply a number of fulcra or starting-points for future progress. It should be the constant endeavor of Mr. Lenox's successors to perfect everything commenced by him, but a large and liberal interpretation should be given to this maxim. It appears, for instance, from Mr. Stevens's account, that Mr. Lenox, after making a brilliant purchase of early Shakespearian quartos, seemed to feel that he had done enough in this line and could never be tempted to buy another. As a private individual he, perhaps, had done enough: as a trustee for the public he had not, and now that his library has emerged from its ambiguous condition as a semi-private institution only accessible under severe restrictions and become merged in the great popular institution which Mr. Tilden's munificence has allowed to be created, it may be expected that the managers will feel it their business to go on where Mr. Lenox stopped, and will consider that the same reasons which justify the acquisition of early Shakespeares equally justify the purchase of the works of Shakespeare's dramatic and

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poetical contemporaries, and no less so that of any works of Shelley, Landor, Tennyson, or any modern author which rank as bibliographical treasures. Supposing all the funds emanating from Mr. Lenox's bequest to be dedicated to this end, Mr. Tilden's bequest and the public liberality must be invoked to fill the voids alike beyond the purview of Mr. Lenox and Mr. Astor.

If, then, the directors of the great New York library of the future address themselves especially to the task of remedying the defects which at present prevent the libraries out of which it is formed, even when united as a whole, from taking rank among the world's chief libraries, they will probably find that an enlargement of aim is not so much required either in the department of bibliographical rarities or that of standard treatises, as in that of fugitive literature. The problem, in fact, will be to metamorphose libraries reflecting individual predilections and professional objects into a library in which every interest of a great community is equally considered in the proportion of its importance, just as the library of Sir Hans Sloane became the nucleus of that of the British nation. It would be improper and superfluous to prescribe to so intelligent a body of men as the managers are certain to be, aided, moreover, by the advice of so distinguished a librarian as the present chief director, the line which it becomes them to take, dependent as this must be upon many considerations not obvious to a foreigner. Two propositions, nevertheless, may almost be taken for granted. The library will be above all things American, one in which American literature, history, politics, and social life will hold the first place. The second object will be to remedy as far as possible the disadvantage under which the American citizen labors by his exclusion from the intellectual resources of Europe.

The formation of a national American library involves that close attention to the collection of fugitive literature which has already been pointed out as a principal object in the conduct of the new institution. National life paints itself more vividly in the literature of the hour than in that which aims at permanence. The latter is most commonly only the verdict of the morrow upon the doings of the day: the former is the authentic self-portrayal of the day itself. This fugitive literature is, moreover, deserving of special care for the same reason as that which Goethe gives for

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preferring the culture of the Beautiful to that of the Useful. "We should encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself." Literature aiming at permanence takes steps to make itself permanent: it advertises and reviews itself and soon makes its way from the counter of the bookseller to the shelf of the library, where indeed it often remains. But the literature which only aims at supplying the passing want requires to be appraised while it is yet existent; and secured while it is yet within reach.

In speaking, however, of the value of fugitive literature to the student of national development and national manners, and hence to the librarian intrusted with the interests of these classes, we must not overlook the wide distinction between the literature of this class which aims simply at amusements than that whose avowed purpose in actual effect is to instruct. Of the former it may be truly said that a little will go a great way. No library with any pretensions to first-class rank would be content with less than a complete representation of contemporary writers of admitted genius, such as a Rudyard Kipling or a Pierre Lôti, but it is by no means necessary to import every "decadent" novel from France to prove that *fin de siècle* threatens to become synonymous with *fin de la littérature*. The titles of the books alone might be held to establish the assertion, reinforced by the critical notices of them which must find their way into the library in better company. But the fugitive literature which aims at conveying information is of a very different class. Strictly speaking, it is in general not literature at all; poorly written, limited in interest, and frequently most untrustworthy. Nevertheless, it paints the daily life of the community as nothing else could and not only provides the future historian with material, but subjects his work to the revision of a later generation. Apart from the great importance which a particular pamphlet may acquire, should its appearance at an especial crisis render it historical, or should it prove to have been written or inspired by a celebrated man, there are periods and persons which would have passed without a trace but for the existence of a pamphlet literature. Who, for example, would have known anything about the internal history of the Presidency of Madras previous to the introduction of newspapers, or of Sir John Franklin's adventures as Governor of Tasmania, but for the pamphlets evoked by injured feelings

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and damaged pockets? It is, indeed, true that the extent and importance of pamphlet literature has been greatly restricted by the development of the periodical press. Yet the bibliography of the Dreyfus affair, for example, reveals what an important part the pamphlet can still perform; and if the statesmen and men of letters of the first class who would in former days have been pamphleteers now, to the grief of minor contributors, send their lucubrations to the principal reviews the pamphlet is still the great medium for the discussion of issues of a local or national or merely personal character. To it are largely confided proposals for minor reforms and municipal improvements, denunciations of real or supposed abuses, ecclesiastical and academical disputes, rectifications of erroneous assertions, the pretensions of claimants from the King of the Cannibal Islands downward, golden visions of ages of vegetarianism, projects for the fructification of the Great Sahara and a more accurate survey of the Mountains of the Moon. If it is deemed anywhere that this class of literature is unsuited for the public library we differ; it is the *private* library for which it is of little use. Since the development of the newspaper press, pamphlet literature can no longer be termed, as it might have been at one time, the mirror of the age, but the enormous extent of newspaper literature with which, in Anglo-Saxon countries at least, no library can hope to deal adequately that is not created, constructed, and maintained for the especial purpose renders the insulation of special subjects in a pamphlet form extremely acceptable. The question of the expediency of collecting fugitive literature at all admits of an easy criterion. Is the scope of your library limited? Then have nothing to do with pamphlets, except in so far as they illustrate your own specialty. Is it general? Then give all the attention to fugitive literature you can afford, except in those cases, such as that of the decadent French literature alluded to above, where a handful is a sufficient sample of the sack. This can never be the case with publications dealing with actualities, for there must be something peculiar and original in every man's manner of contemplating a public question, a private quarrel, or a moral problem. Nor should it be forgotten that the library of the first class does not seek to compete with the free public library in its mission of furnishing the community with what the community chiefly wants to read,

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but rather aims at amassing what would not be easily found outside of it. This principle applies just as much to useful literature as to the literature of mere curiosity. The Astor Library, intent on the encouragement of science, has done much by collecting important scientific papers involving the acquisition of the long and costly sets of academical publications in which these originally appeared and which, perhaps, were not to be found in any other American public library. The same principle applies equally to the collection of fugitive literature. Let not him who resorts to the library for any good purpose be disappointed if it can be helped. It would be needless to insist upon a consideration so obvious as that in the collection of general literature the first place is due to that of the United States themselves; the second to that of the nations with which they are connected by blood—that is, Great Britain with her Colonial Empire or by neighborhood, like the South-American States; the third to that of the rest of the world in the general order of its importance to humanity, though special circumstances might arise justifying a departure from this rule.

These remarks have reference to the current literature of the present age and of periods yet in the future. It is hardly probable that any one will dispute the proposition that one of the most obvious duties of a library designed for permanence is to arrest the semblance of itself cast by passing time upon the mirror of its literature and to preserve it for the contemplation of time to come. But the question whether the librarian's zeal should carry him back into the past, save in the case of acknowledged classics and bibliographical rarities, may give occasion for controversy. It is hardly probable, indeed, that any American will object to the collection of literature relating to his own country. But in America, as elsewhere, there are doubtless large classes incurious about foreign lands and unable to conceive that the history of any country can have an interest except for its own citizens. It might suffice to reply that when the Venezuela question came up the British Museum authorities were delighted to find that their Government could hardly ask them for anything which they had not got; and that when the Spanish War broke out those United States libraries were doubtless most esteemed which proved to be best equipped with books on Cuba and the Philippines. But we would take higher ground, and insist that the citizen has

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a right to be provided with the means of efficient study in any and every department of knowledge without being compelled to cross the ocean to find it. The principle is admitted as regards scientific books; no one would think of sending a mathematical student to Italy to imbibe Cremona or to Russia to digest Lobatschewsky. Strangely enough, it is as regards history and literature that opposition has been audible. The theory has been enunciated that it is the duty of every country to form as comprehensive a collection as it can of books relating to its own history and other matters peculiar to itself and leave other nations to do the same; so that a scholar like Lord Acton, who, when superintending a universal history of modern Europe, did not need to visit more than nineteen European libraries in quest of his materials. If this view is sound, no institution in Europe has wasted so much money as the British Museum, nor is there such another monstrosity as the grand collection of French Revolutionary Tracts which has hitherto been esteemed one of its greatest glories. The extreme narrowness of such a theory speaks for itself, but it may be pointed out in addition that its very practicability depends upon an amount of co-operation among libraries very unlikely to be obtained and that it overlooks the fact that no literature and no history can be profitably studied by itself. It is to be hoped that New York will take care that the serious inquirer within her precincts into any department of human knowledge shall, so far as may be, find the materials ready to his hand. That such a conception makes a heavy demand upon the resources and public spirit of even such a community as that of New York is evident: but New York is not only a wealthy and enlightened but a highly cosmopolitan city, with a population to which all civilized countries have contributed some element and a host of crowding and jostling interests, religious, political, commercial, financial, scientific, and literary. It will probably be found that none of these tastes and pursuits of a myriad-minded community can with justice be neglected or postponed to the others, and that the logical outcome of the situation created by the union of the three libraries will be the ultimate formation of such a library out of the bequests of Astor, Lenox, and Tilden, as the British nation has built up out of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane.

RICHARD GARNETT.

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THE POWERS IN THE PACIFIC

(From a British Point of View)

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

A PERCEPTION of the important part the Pacific Ocean must play in the future as the arena for international rivalries has been growing for the last thirty years, ever since it became apparent that Japan was a force to be reckoned with. The sensational developments of the early twentieth century as regards sea power, while altering some of the conditions on which calculations were based, have focussed attention still more on a region which, when the Panama Canal is completed, will inevitably lose its present character of comparative remoteness and be covered with ocean highways. The geographical characteristics of the Pacific littoral, while too familiar to need any detailed description here, must be briefly recalled in order that we may visualize the situation. On the American littoral we have a stretch of 12,000 miles, and from Vancouver on the north to Valparaiso on the south—a distance of 8,000 miles—there are only some eight or nine good natural harbors, by no means all first class. Of these three are in Peru, one in Ecuador, and two in Mexico (including the artificial harbor of Salina Cruz at the terminus of the Tehuantepec railway). Chile, whose coast line is 2,500 miles, has one, and the United States can only point to three—Seattle, San Francisco, and San Diego —as their share. The peculiar character of this littoral lies, of course, in the close proximity of the Andes and its continuations to the coast, so that there are few rivers of any importance emptying themselves into the ocean. At the same time an almost complete lack of islands in immediate proximity to the littoral is a marked geographical feature. The exact opposite is found on the Asiatic side. Not only is the southwest of the Pacific one vast maze of small island groups, but the greatest islands in the world—New Zealand,

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New Guinea, Borneo, Celebes, the Philippines, Formosa, and Japan — are grouped like outposts on the flanks of the Australian and Asiatic continents. The Asiatic littoral, too, sees the empyting of vast rivers and has a number of natural harbors besides those found on the island formations.

With all the natural advantages for the development of sea power afforded by the Asiatic side of the Pacific, it is a singular fact that the strategy of that ocean until recently reckoned only with detachments of fleets having their main bases at a considerable distance. The development of the Japanese navy, which places for the first time a strong fleet, concentrated in its own waters on the Pacific, naturally created an entirely different situation. A modification of a less obvious kind has been effected by the growth of the German navy and its effect on British naval policy. There is now no secret made of the fact that the naval strategy of Great Britain in the future will have as its leading feature the concentration of her forces in such a way as to prevent the German navy from issuing out of the narrow seas in which it is confined. The first line of defense of the world-wide British Empire is that which is drawn as a cordon across the path of the German navy should it attempt to sally forth. There is a school in Great Britain which appears to be perfectly satisfied that under these conditions the Empire is adequately protected. From the point of view of Pacific strategy the result has been to remove from that distant ocean the immediate pressure of a strong British naval contingent. Concentration in the North Sea has meant weakening our force elsewhere, but the contention has been that we were still covered, first, by the envelopment of the German navy and, second, by our political agreements. As Admiral Mahan has pointed out, the sequence of cause and effect is not quite so clear as it should be to justify this contention. Our treaty with Japan may have enabled us with safety to concentrate on the North Sea, but it was also partly responsible for the defeat of Russia, to which Germany undoubtedly owes the freedom to devote herself to naval aspirations, of which she is making such good use. In other words, by helping Japan against Russia we have helped Germany against ourselves. In any case we have to reckon with the diminution of our own power in the Pacific and with the destruction of the Russian fleet, both tending to increase enormously the importance of the Japanese navy.

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At the present time there is no British battleship, even of the third class, on the China station, but only three armored and three other cruisers and five destroyers, while the Australian station has merely nine cruisers.

An interesting development of the situation must, however, be expected from the awakened national self-consciousness of the Australasian dominions. At the Imperial Conference, which will shortly meet in London, the discussion on defense, which has already occupied one conference, will be continued and will certainly include some proposals for strengthening the British force in the Pacific. It is hardly to be expected, in the present state of public opinion in Great Britain, that the Mother Country would initiate any such scheme, and the hopes of those to whom Imperial defense means more than the mere safeguarding of our shores from invasion centers on the Overseas Dominions themselves. Australasia, as the first English-speaking State to adopt universal military service, has vindicated her claim to be heard in the matter. Already some discussion has taken place as to the best base for a new center of British naval power. Hong-Kong is at once too remote from the regions to be protected and too near to the home waters of a possibly hostile force. Ceylon, Singapore, or Port Darwin are variously advocated, the idea being to develop, with one or other of these as a base, a central naval force in connection with the military expeditionary forces which Australasia and South Africa will be able to furnish. The defense of India is another Imperial problem which ought to be interwoven with our Pacific policy, and probably the selection of Ceylon as the naval center (favored by Admiral Mahan) would insure the most effective distribution of force. The expense of a large military force, it is suggested, might be saved to India, and the money expended in maintaining a naval center in the Indian Ocean in close connection with Australasia and South Africa, both of which could be defended from this base and could in return furnish expeditionary forces if necessary. A special interest attaches to such proposals as these, which foreshadow the forging of new links of empire by binding together the tropical and self-governing regions. It is almost inconceivable that where defense is concerned so rich an Empire as ours should be found calculating meticulously the cost of maintaining an adequate system, but the burden imposed on the taxpayer

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of the Mother Country is certainly enormous, and the lack of elasticity in the methods of raising revenue has actually brought us to the pass of wondering how we can continue to meet this heavy competition. The solution cannot be found in any single line of policy, but the appreciation by the Overseas Dominions of the fact that Imperial defense can no longer rest on the shoulders of Great Britain alone is undoubtedly the first step in the right direction. At the same time it is obvious that the dominions will not be satisfied with a scheme of defense in which Germany is regarded as the only possible enemy and which concentrates the naval force of the Empire in the North Sea. The nucleus of a naval establishment in Australasia is provided in the two battleship cruisers of the *Indefatigable* type now laid down for New Zealand and Australia, respectively, supplemented by five small cruisers and three destroyers for New Zealand and six for Australia for work in the Far East, while under agreement with the Imperial Government one Dreadnought from the Imperial navy will be despatched for service in the Far East. The All-British Pacific cable (from Vancouver to Australasia) is an important feature in the situation as regards British interests, just as the cable from San Francisco (*viâ* Honolulu and Guam) to the Philippines is for the United States. Both these lines are, of course, strategic rather than commercial, and the British line has the advantage of being laid in very deep water and off the ordinary routes of traffic. Australia's naval policy, if still in its infancy, is sound and vigorous and is not complicated to anything like the same extent as in Canada by the jarring of the two forces of Nationalism and Imperialism. At the same time the smallness of the Australian population and the comparative slowness of its increase are serious difficulties in the way of building up in the sub-continent a formidable power, either military or naval, to adequately balance that of Japan.

Under these conditions the really crucial question in Pacific strategy is how far the United States is prepared to go in building up a navy and whether the logic of circumstances will not force her to base that navy on the Pacific rather than the Atlantic. Among some of the wilder statements in connection with the Panama Canal one used to hear that it would "double the power of the United States navy." This is only true in the sense that the canal will double the power

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of concentrating on either coast when necessary, but for the purposes of efficient control in the Pacific it is more than doubtful whether this advantage would be sufficient. It would not do away with the obvious handicap suffered by any Power in conducting operations at the end of an extended line. Since the naval policy of Great Britain constitutes a very effective safeguard in the Atlantic, practically the whole of her navy being concentrated in close proximity to that ocean, there is certainly a good deal to be said for transferring the naval power of the United States to the ocean where it can be effective. Although international relations can never be certainly predicted, yet, so far as it is possible to foresee anything, there can be no reason for supposing that the British and American fleets would ever be hostile to each other. The British Prime Minister has deliberately ruled the United States out of his calculations as to the possible strength of any combination which might be brought to bear on the British navy. On the contrary, every portent goes to show that, while war may happily be averted, the relations between East and West will need a great deal of adjustment before they can be considered as settled on anything like a permanent basis. The present writer has always considered as inevitable a great impetus to American shipping of all kinds on the opening of the Panama Canal. The enormous outlay on that great work will be in itself an incentive, for if the United States is to recoup herself in any way it cannot be by providing merely a path for the traffic of other nations. By shipping subsidies and other methods such an anticlimax will be averted. Then comes the question of that great market of eastern Asia which has been the objective of so many struggles. The successive steps whereby the United States crossed the Pacific, until she is now established close to the shores of Asia and in the heart of the arena of the future struggle, may have had a fortuitous appearance, may not have been the direct outcome of a conscious national policy, but they were nevertheless a logical sequence of events growing out of the United States' organic evolution as a world-power. To protect these possessions and to insure a free and open share of the eastern Asiatic trade is the natural and by no means aggressive function of the North-American navy. More fortunate in her situation than Great Britain, she may reasonably hope to accomplish this without interfering with

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the legitimate ambitions of other Powers. Whether or no she crosses their illegitimate ambitions is another question, but it is certain that in international relations, now as ever, points of contact may at any moment develop into points of friction, and peace can only be assured by maintaining, through balance of armaments and diplomatic engagements, a due proportion in the power of possible rivals.

Besides the two great protagonists—the United States and Japan—and the probable new centers of British naval power in the Australasian orbit, there is also to be considered a possible development in British Columbia and an already existing naval power of a minor kind in Chile. The field is not quite an open one. Complications exist in the Japanese population of Hawaii and the possible stream of Japanese emigration to South America, especially into Ecuador and Peru. The policy of Asiatic exclusion, which unites the Pacific coast of North America and Australasia, must reckon with the rapid increase of Japan's population and the certainty that it must spill over somewhere. The United States has been the gainer in the past from the backward character of the South-American communities. One wonders what the course of her history would have been had the Spanish-American colonies been the homes of a more virile race with a more effective political organization. As it is, the big Republic has been steadily gaining in ascendancy over the little ones during the past decades, but an Asiatic immigration, for instance, into Ecuador, Peru, and Chile, where population is badly wanted, might in a generation effect a great alteration in the outlook of those countries. Their naval future would then be a matter for serious consideration. The Panama Canal will undoubtedly affect them favorably, and bring them into the line of world traffic.

The absence of islands on the Pacific littoral is a great disadvantage to the United States. On the eastern mouth of her canal she has already secured a chain of posts, most valuable whether from a strategic or a commercial point of view. Practically the only situation approximating to these in value on the Pacific side is found in the Galapagos Islands, which belong to the republic of Ecuador and are about one thousand miles from Panama and rather less from Guayquil. Negotiations for their purchase have now been proceeding for some time between the United States and Ecuador, and the latter has always been inclined to cultivate friendly re-

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lations with her big neighbor, probably as a " set-off " to her long-standing feuds with her other neighbor, Peru. The small republics are not likely openly or individually to array themselves against the large one, but they are by no means averse to any arrangements which would strengthen the southern as against the northern continent.

In considering the position of the Powers in the Pacific the navy of Russia is for the moment ruled out, but it is becoming obvious that the influence of Russia is by no means a negligible quantity. China, now as ever, is the objective of the trading powers. In the past the spectacle of Russia impinging more and more on northern China and eating into the heart of that Empire was the nightmare of the Powers to whom the integrity of China was necessary in order to secure equal trading privileges. Dispelled for a time, the Russian shadow has been succeeded by a far more insidious force. Japan is not anxious that China should break up, still less does she intend that foreign nations shall parcel her out, but at the same time she has no altruistic theories as to the Open Door. Having annexed Korea and established herself firmly in Manchuria, she is able in a variety of ways to influence her neighbor, and Japan's influence on China is distinctly anti-foreign. The rise of so-called national feeling in China is largely composed of Japan-fomented anti-foreign feeling. In the last few years the railway policy has illustrated very well the diminution, in a territory nominally pledged to the Open Door, of the opportunities for European and American enterprise. One annot blame the Chinese, but one feels that by their suspicion of the genuine trading powers and curtailment of their privileges they are, in fact, playing into the hands of others whose ambitions are by no means merely commercial. The latest phase is to be seen in the *rapprochement* between Russia and Japan, whereby they are once more closing rank to bear down on the inefficient and unsteady Chinese Government. If the integrity of China and the opening of her markets on equal terms are a *sine qua non* in the development of American trade, then it must not be supposed that she has practically only commercial rivalry to fear. The political game, in which northern China was so long the pivot, has entered on a new stage, and the chief protagonists of the struggle are the United States, Japan, and Russia. Great Britain, with as large a stake as any, is not at present in a position to

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wield an equivalent force. China, not dead or dying, but full of vitality, is herself an almost incalculable quantity in the case, but one fact stands out clearly in the possible conflict of interests. China and Japan are Oriental countries, Russia is half Oriental and therefore nearer to them than any other, while the United States and the British Empire in the Pacific are agreed on a policy of excluding the Oriental from their shores. Here, then, is a natural line of cleavage which at any moment may have a decisive effect on the history of the Pacific.

The commercial treaty between America and Japan which, at the time of writing, has just been ratified omits the clause relating to immigration of laborers from either country which temporarily adjusted this difficult question in the last treaty. It will, therefore, be unpopular in the Western States. The problem of Asiatic immigration is undoubtedly of crucial importance in the evolution of world affairs in the Pacific area. Sooner or later it must come up for solution. The people of New Zealand and Australia have displayed conspicuous forethought in this matter. Having decided to keep their countries white at all costs, they are prepared to a man to defend that ideal, and, realizing that an untrained nation is a mob, they are now securing that each man shall not only be prepared to fight, but shall be trained for that purpose. Is the United States equally determined and equally logical? She has not, of course, the immense handicap of a tiny population with a huge area, but she has a very extended and undefended coast-line, and her military preparations have recently been subjected to scathing criticism by those well qualified to judge. The hostages which she has given to fortune in Alaska, Hawaii, Samoa, and the Philippines are of twofold significance in the Pacific question. They may be points of strength or weakness, according as they are utilized. At the present time the United States is devoting all available resources (by no means adequate) to the completion of the defenses of Manila Bay, Subig Bay, Pearl Harbor, and Honolulu. As was pointed out in the annual report of the Secretary of War, the only practicable way to deal with the question is to have well-fortified bases in these insular possessions, thus freeing the navy for effective mobilization and action. The necessity for coaling-stations and harbors suitable for large battleships is a vital question and one much complicated by the

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evolution of the latest type of war-ship. So far we have no experience of the behavior of these gigantic armored vessels in warfare, but their consumption of coal is a factor of supreme importance, and in the provision of a series of coaling-stations America has the initial advantage. On the other hand, Japan, with her Dreadnought docks, refitting facilities, and all her *matériél* concentrated in the Pacific, has a very advantageous position, and this is especially the case should her objective be not the United States themselves, but Alaska, as an outlying territory of that Power. Alaska is a country of healthy climate and great resources. It is practically defenseless, and it lies nearer to Japan than any other part of the American continent. The Aleutian Islands are a bridge across the north Pacific which breaks off not very far from the Kurile Islands and Japanese home waters. Should Canada decide to develop, under the specially favorable conditions provided by her splendid Pacific coast, a naval power adequate to her national aspirations, the desired counterpoise to Japan in the North Pacific might be secured, but this cannot be done in a few years. Meanwhile Japan actually has a navy in being, has a large mercantile marine suitable for transportation service, and has a system of automatic conversion from peace to war establishment. Moreover, being a nation in arms, she has an ample reserve of men upon which to draw.

The fact which seems to emerge most clearly from the consideration of present conditions in the Pacific is the vital importance of the creation of at least two fresh bases of naval power in that ocean if the balance is to be maintained. So long as the British navy by its absolute supremacy could be counted on as a decisive factor in any part of the world where British interests might be involved the development of smaller navies was likely to proceed on more measured lines. They had no prospect of securing a permanent advantage. The situation we have to face at present is that Great Britain is actually occupied in keeping a predominance in European waters, and unless she makes a supreme effort she can hardly hope to do that. Therefore the ambitions and rivalries which her unquestioned supremacy has kept in check must be expected to assert themselves with augmented force in non-European waters. Until 1915 she has an agreement with Japan which nominally secures the *status quo* in the Far East. As a matter of fact, the *status*

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quo is altering all the time and not to the benefit of the British trader or of the British Dominions in the Pacific. The absolute necessity of augmenting British naval power in the Pacific by some means will be urged at our next Imperial Conference and Americans must watch the result with considerable anxiety, for the decision must largely affect their own future policy. As a continental self-contained nation they once dreamed of avoiding all outside complications either through alliances or disputes, but the whole course of their recent history demonstrates the futility of such hopes. As far as the Pacific is concerned the security of the great sea-borne trade which is bound to develop there would be sufficient to demand the provision of adequate sea power. The distance between the United States and her markets in eastern Asia, added to the fact that her best strategic points (in Hawaii and the Philippines) are also a long way from their bases, makes it essential that she should find support in the southern Pacific from a friendly naval power whose ambitions and ideals run parallel with her own.

There is no intention in this article of attributing a bellicose attitude to any Power. Japan is as little likely to force a war for inadequate reasons as is the United States. There are few instances in history, as a matter of fact, of nations starting out deliberately to make or provoke a war. On the contrary, there are a vast number of instances of nations, which have developed either sea or land power, feeling compelled by their conception of their own national destiny to appeal to the arbitrament of arms to settle points which were not in the opinion of others actually vital. The only way to insure peace in the Pacific Ocean is to maintain a proper balance of power between East and West, and unless the British Empire and the United States are prepared to co-operate the task will be almost impossible.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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THE LORIMER CASE

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT

THIS is an attempt upon the part of one who has never seen Mr. Lorimer, nor ever read a copy of the Chicago *Tribune,* to throw some light upon the difference which unquestionably exists between the Senate and the country at large concerning the validity of Mr. Lorimer's election as a Senator of the United States.

The testimony adduced before the Burrows subcommittee which sat at Chicago in September and October, 1910, failed to connect Senator Lorimer himself with any bribery, and therefore the question narrowed down in the open Senate as to whether or not bribery was practised by others in his behalf to influence votes for him.

The La Follette resolution of April 6, 1911, seeks to reopen the verdict rendered by the Committee on Privileges and Elections December 21st, 1910,* and affirmed by the Senate by a vote of 46 to 40 March 1st, 1911, upon the following ground:

"Whereas, it appears from the published reports of the proceedings of the said Illinois State Senate committee that witnesses who were not called and sworn by the committee of this Senate appointed to investigate said charges have appeared before the said committee of the Illinois State Senate, and upon being interrogated have given important material testimony tending to prove that one hundred thousand dollars was corruptly expended to secure the election of William Lorimer to the United States Senate."

The resolution nominates five newly elected Senators: Messrs. Works (California), Townsend (Michigan), McLean (Connecticut), Kern (Indiana), and Pomerene (Ohio), a special committee

"to investigate and report to the Senate whether in the election of William Lorimer as a Senator of the United States from the State of Illinois there were used and employed corrupt methods and practices."

The caption of the resolution recites that it was "ordered

* Senate Report No. 942, Sixty-first Congress, Third Session.

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to lie on the table subject to call." It is still there, presumably, pending the proceedings of the Illinois State Senate committee.

It is neither practicable nor desirable to review here all the 748 pages of the proceedings before the Burrows subcommittee in respect of whose findings the La Follette resolution is in the nature of a motion for new trial, but a careful reading thereof, together with the several contributions to the great debate in the Senate thereon in January and February last, brings out in bold relief one or two salient features, intimate studies of which, if thrown on the screen in connection with a bird's-eye view of the whole, may serve to point the truth.

There was much evidence tending to show that more than seven members of the Assembly were bribed, but the minority report of Senator Frazier (Cong. Rec., Jan. 30th, 1911, p. 1713), the only member of the Senate subcommittee which saw and heard the witnesses who was for unseating Mr. Lorimer, held the evidence of corruption clear only as to seven, and it was on this issue that the great parliamentary battle was really fought.

There were 202 votes cast, of which Mr. Lorimer received 108, among them the seven votes alleged to have been corruptly cast. Senator Bailey contended (Cong. Rec., Feb. 17th, 1911, p. 2824) that, admitting for the sake of the argument that the seven were corrupt, yet:

> "Deducting those 7 votes from Lorimer's 108 would leave him 101, and deducting those 7 votes from the total of 202 would leave 195, of which the 101 votes received by Lorimer would constitute a clear legal majority."

Senators Cummins, Borah, and others contended that the seven should be deducted from the 108, but not from the 202, which would leave Mr. Lorimer's uncorrupt vote 101 out of 202, and therefore not a majority; in other words, that 202 votes were, in fact, cast, and therefore the successful candidate must have a majority of that number, but that as Lorimer got only 101 legal votes he was only entitled to count 101. The debate on the law of the case will not be discussed in detail here. The whole matter is to come up again. But as rules of law are the slow growth of experience from facts, the facts are peculiarly a legitimate subject for review at this time.

The real question before the Senate was just what and how much proof it takes to establish bribery. Senators Bever-

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idge, Owen, Crawford, and others stood squarely on the proposition that:

"a single act of bribery in behalf of a successful candidate to a seat in the United States Senate destroys the legality of that Senatorial election";

a rule which would seem free from all the objections offered if coupled with a proviso:

"Unless the successful candidate shows to the satisfaction of the Senate that he and his friends had nothing to do with such bribery and are in no way responsible for it."

The Beveridge-Owen-Crawford rule has long been the rule in England. The rule of the United States Senate has heretofore been to throw out the bribed votes, and if the successful candidate still has a majority left to give him his seat.

The report of the subcommittee distinctly failed to meet the main question in the case—*viz.*, whether or not, if three members did, in fact, bribe four others to vote for Mr. Lorimer, such seven corrupt votes were in law sufficient to destroy the validity of the election. As to the three alleged bribe-givers: "The committee can find no warrant in the testimony for believing that either one of said legislators was moved by any corrupt influence" (p. 14 of their report). As to the notorious "jack-pot" in the Illinois Assembly and the alleged payment of money to members therefrom by the gentleman whom Senator Beveridge called "Jack-pot" Wilson (one of the three alleged bribe-givers) "the committee are not prepared to find that the fact is established." In short, the committee held, in effect, that general corruption in the Illinois Assembly had nothing to do with the probability or improbability of specific corruption in the Lorimer matter, or, to state their allusion to the "jack-pot" in their own words, it had "no relevancy to the matter the committee was appointed to investigate." Senator Frazier's minority report *(supra)* expressed the belief that the three did, *in fact,* bribe the four and that these seven corrupt votes did *in law* destroy the validity of the election. Senator Frazier said:

"The testimony taken by the committee satisfies me that four members of the Legislature were paid money for voting for, or in consequence of having voted for, Senator Lorimer. One Senator and three Representatives admitted under oath before the committee that they were paid money."

But the next paragraph of his report contained the real crux of the issue:

"The four self-confessed bribe-takers implicate three other members of the Legislature, who voted for Mr. Lorimer, as the persons who bribed them."

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Of the three alleged bribe-givers one was a member of the State Senate and the other two were members of the House. Of the four bribe-takers one was a member of the Senate and the other three were members of the House. The bribing of Senator Holtshaw is alleged to have been done by Senator Broderick. Let us consider this last first. Senator Holstlaw was a country banker at Iuka, Illinois, and well-to-do. As a member of a committee charged with purchasing furniture for the State House—the State, anyway—he did some frugal dickering with the vendor of the furniture as to the amount to which, under the unwritten "law merchant" of Illinois legislative custom in like cases, he was entitled relatively to the amount to be allowed his colleagues on the committee. When the State's Attorney of Sangamon County indicted him in this connection, and later offered to quash the indictment if he would tell what he knew about the use of money in connection with the election of the United States Senator, he owned up to the furniture deal and also to getting $2,500 in connection with the Lorimer election, stating from whom he got it—*viz.*, John Broderick. Thereupon he was allowed to go, subject to be called as a witness later. Is there anything improbable *on the face of* that story? The attack made by Senator Bailey on the "methods" of the State's Attorney's office at Chicago, in his remarkable speech in behalf of Mr. Lorimer, bears no application to the State's Attorney's office of Sangamon County. Nowhere in the 748 pages of testimony is there anything suggesting the use of "third-degree" methods in that County. Yet the subcommittee (p. 13 of their report) speak of Holstlaw as having been "driven to making this statement by certain proceedings in Sangamon County." Holstlaw's own account of the confession he signed follows:

"*Q.* What did they tell you, if anything, as to what would be done if you did not sign it? *A.* Well, I don't remember that they said anything about that. *Q.* Did they say the indictment for perjury would be quashed if you signed? *A.* They said if I testified to the truth the indictment would be quashed . . . [p. 218]. *Q.* Why did you sign the paper? *A.* Because it was a statement I had made and it was a true one" (p. 220).

The election of Mr. Lorimer occurred May 26th, 1909. Holtslaw says he came to Chicago June 16th thereafter in response to a letter from Broderick. When asked about this, Broderick "refused to answer" whether he had written

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such a letter or not, on the ground of his constitutional right of silence as to what might incriminate him.

Pursuant to this letter, Holstlaw declares that he went to Chicago June 16th, 1909, and Senator Broderick did then and there keep his word given the night before the Lorimer vote by handing to him, the said Holstlaw, $2,500 in bills enclosed in an envelope.

Holstlaw says he took the $2,500 to the State Bank of Chicago, as soon as he left Broderick's place, and deposited it in said bank. The bank officials corroborated this, and the bank deposit slip was duly produced showing a deposit by Holstlaw of $2,500 on the day under consideration, June 16th, 1909. Mr. Bailey called attention (Cong. Rec., Jan. 17th, 1911, p. 2823, to the fact that the name Holstlaw was misspelled on the slip, and therefore urged that Holstlaw could not have made the deposit—*i. e.*, made out the slip. The answer was that the clerk at the window had made out the slip. Jarvis O. Newton, chief clerk of the bank, identified the deposit slip and testified that Holstlaw had personally deposited the money on the date named on the slip and that the books of the bank so show, and that he, Newton, personally received the money and made out the slip. Because in his judgment the chirography of Newton's signature did not look like that of the writing on the deposit slip "Holstlaw Bank," etc., Senator Bailey "put into the records of Congress . . . a reflection upon a great financial institution. The subcommittee also dismissed Holstlaw's story as unworthy of consideration with this comment:

"This witness was also driven to making this statement by certain proceedings taken before a grand jury of Sangamon County, Illinois, and in many respects the story told by this witness seemed to the subcommittee a highly improbable one" (p. 13 of their report).

Let us turn now to the House. Did Browne and Wilson bribe White, Beckmeyer, and Link, the other three self-confessed bribe-takers of the Lower House, to vote for Mr. Lorimer?

White, the man whose story the Chicago *Tribune* bought and published April 30th, 1910, said Lorimer's manager Browne paid him $1,000 to vote for Lorimer and promised him about that much more out of the "jack-pot"; and that he received $900 out of the "jack-pot" from Wilson, Browne's lieutenant. Of course what White says amounts to nothing unless corroborated. There was abundant disinter-

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ested testimony of his fellow-villagers tending to show sordid poverty prior to the time he claimed to have been bribed and sudden affluence afterward. Whether Browne and Wilson bribed Link and Beckmeyer to vote for Lorimer, no one can doubt that they received money from somebody for something. The defense insisted all along the line that, if they were bribed at all it was with money from the time-honored "jack-pot," or general corruption fund for "the strangling of legislation, or the killing of legislation, or the passing of legislation," distributed at the St. Louis meeting by Wilson, Browne's lieutenant, and that this had nothing to do with the Lorimer campaign. Each confessed that he received $1,000 from Browne and $900 from Wilson, but each claimed that he was for Lorimer in any event and did not know where the money came from. All this has been so thoroughly thrashed out in the Senate and in the press on the question of the sufficiency of the corroborations of the confessions that it may be passed over here. Both the subcommittee and the Senate were undoubtedly influenced by the alleged *animus* of the Chicago *Tribune* toward Mr. Lorimer and by the alleged "third-degree methods" of the State's Attorney's Office of Cook County in obtaining the confessions. But the great question in the case whose solution is the key to everything else is: Was Browne, the minority leader, Mr. Lorimer's campaign manager, acting corruptly or is he an innocent victim of the alleged set purpose of the Chicago *Tribune* to ruin Mr. Lorimer?

An indication is afforded by the Meyers incident, which occurred during the tense moments before the final roll-call which resulted in Mr. Lorimer's election.

Senator Bailey states the incident thus:

"Mr. Meyers swore that just before the roll-call on which Lorimer was elected Lee O'Neill Browne sent for him, that he went to Browne's seat, and that Browne urged him to vote for Lorimer. Meyers swears that Browne said to him that 'there are some good State jobs to give away and *the ready necessary.*' Meyers further swears that he understood 'the ready necessary' to mean that there was money for him if he would vote for Lorimer."

Upon this Senator Bailey's comment was:

"Mr. President, I do not believe what Meyers says, for two reasons. In the first place, it is wholly incredible that Browne would call a member of the Legislature to his desk and there in full view of everybody attempt to bribe him. The joint assembly was in open session, and if Meyers could

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hear the offer of a bribe, so could all those about him. That, sir, is not the way a corruptionist would operate."

Senator Root said:

"At the time these votes were cast the air of Springfield was *murky* with *suspicion* of corruption." (His speech of February 3, 1911, p. 10.)

It clearly appears that Browne and Meyers were friends, at least up to the time of the incident under consideration. Browne describes a confidential talk he had with his friend Meyers a week or so before the election in which he urged Meyers to vote for Lorimer and Meyers replied:

"Lee, I could not do it and go home to my people; my people would not stand for it."

To which Browne replied:

"George, every man must look out for himself in these matters," (p. 648).

And in denying the incident narrated by Meyers he said:

"I have no recollection of having sent for Mr. Meyers at any time" (p. 647).

Alschuler, a member of the Browne faction in the House, testified as follows:

"I sat right back of Lee O'Neill Browne . . . three seats to the right. . . . My eyes were on him naturally [p. 471].

"*Q.* Did you consider Mr. Meyers a man of integrity and believableness? *A.* I always thought so. . . . He must be mistaken, because he did not come (and speak to Browne) [p. 474].

"*Q.* Was there any money down at Springfield for the election of United States Senator? *A.* Not that I know of. *Q.* Do you say there was? *A.* I will say there was not. *Q.* And you don't believe there was, do you? *A. I don't believe there was; no*" (pp. 475-6).

"After twelve o'clock, when the vote was being taken, my eyes were on Mr. Browne. . . . When the Senate came in they took their seats and from that time on I was watching Browne."

The witness evidently thought the crucial time inquired about was *when the vote was being taken—i. e., during* the roll-call. For the next question and answer are:

"*Q.* And immediately before that they (the Alschulerian eyes) were on him (Browne) too? *A.* Not particularly."

Meyers had not claimed that his conversation with Browne occurred *during the roll-call,* but "before the taking of the vote . . . fifteen or twenty minutes" (p. 312):

"*Q.* You want to say that during the entire roll-call and immediately before the roll-call—immediately before— *A.* Yes, sir, [he does not wait for the question to be finished]. *Q.*—. . . that you watched Browne? *A.* Yes, sir, I did. *Q.* And Meyers did not go over and talk to Browne? *A.* Absolutely not" (p. 476).

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The point the writer desires to emphasize is not so much the eagerness of Alschuler's swearing, which is obvious enough, but the character of testimony used in behalf of Mr. Lorimer to break down the testimony of a reputable gentleman in the only instance where corrupt methods and practices were actually brought directly home to Mr. Lorimer's campaign manager and confidential agent, Browne, the minority leader. The one-armed page, Paul McCann, was then put on the stand for the purpose of contradicting Meyers and covered all the necessary time with many "Absolutely no's," except five minutes of the crucial time, though admitting he never gave the matter any thought one way or another until asked about it fifteen months afterward:

"*Q.* Now where were you for fifteen or twenty minutes before the roll-call began? *A.* Well, I was at Mr. Browne's desk, and about five minutes before the Senate came in I went down and got a couple of roll-calls" (p. 489).

In attacking Meyers's testimony Senator Bailey speaks of "a page assigned to duty at Browne's desk and who stood there *during* a roll-call recording the vote," apparently overlooking the testimony last above quoted; speaks of the worthy Alschuler as "watching Browne at that critical moment" and concludes thus:

"I would not believe him or any other man on earth whose only answer to an attempt to bribe him was 'I can't go with you.'"

But turn to the book of the testimony, consider the whole situation and read again the straightforward testimony of Meyers, a reputable banker who was *County Treasurer of his county.*

"I went down to his desk and sat down on a chair right beside him (Browne) and he says, 'We are going to put this over to-day and I would like you to go with us.' I says, 'Lee, I can't do it.' Then he says that there are some good State jobs to give away *and the ready necessary.* I says, 'I can't help it; I can't go with you'" (p. 312).

If a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, the chain by which Mr. Lorimer is anchored to his seat in the United States Senate is indeed shamefully weak, for, unless perjury on the part of Meyers be admitted, the crookedness of Browne is clear.

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

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SOME LAST DROPS IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE healing springs of Great Britain are so abundant and so widely dispersed that nothing in the sad variety of pain incident to its inhabitants can well fail of relief. Except very signally at Strathpeffer, Scottish ground does not much contribute to the beneficent flow. It is mainly England that yields the waters which the Britons drank before the Romans, and the Romans before the Saxons, and the Danes before the Normans; but Wales also has her wells from which the Saxons may drink with physical improvement comparable to the political advantage which the British Constitution has lately been deriving from Welsh sources. In its smaller Cambrian way, for instance, Llandrindod advances with Harrogate in public favor, and though not commended by the faculty for so many virtues as its Yorkshire superior, or resorted to in anything like the same measure, it takes its part in diverting the island suffering from the German Spas. In their patriotic efficacy both resorts may be regarded as militating against the German invasion, for we may be sure that those subtle Teutonic intelligences, which spy out the inferiority of the English liver, stomach, nerves, and muscles, will not fail to turn their knowledge to military account when the Kaiser's armies make their landing through the cordon of Dreadnoughts guarding the white cliffs of Albion.

At Buxton we had already somewhat seen the revival of an English watering-place; and years before last year we had witnessed the resuscitation of Bath from the secular lapse of her importance as the resort of the afflicted, though it was apparent that the fashionable world would never again throng her Pump Room. Bath must always remain

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of a unique charm for the sympathetic visitor, but for an atmosphere of faded gentility and a perfume of eighteenth-century literature Tunbridge Wells may meekly emulate the claims of Bath, as certainly she may more than halve the neglect of medicine with that mother of English Spas. No great London doctor will now say, "You must go to Bath," as he will say, "You must go to Harrogate," instantly, decisively, finally, or even with the same promptitude that he will say, "You must go to Llandrindod." He will not even dream of saying, "You must go to Tunbridge Wells," and I may as well relieve the reader's anxiety at once by owning that we went to Tunbridge Wells for our pleasure and not for our pain.

We had been a month in London and everybody we knew in her seven millions had risen with the Houses and hurried away to kill pheasants or grouse. But we should have been very sorry, if we had been able, to kill either, and we arrived on an August afternoon when it had forgotten to rain in Tunbridge Wells with the pacific wish to find ourselves in the best hotel of the place with the least delay. It had not occurred to us that Tunbridge Wells could be full of anything but phantoms of the past, and we had not bespoken our rooms, trusting the memories of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mr. Samuel Richardson not to keep us out of the newer houses on Mount Ephraim, however inhospitably they might behave in the ancient inns on and about The Pantiles. That region has long been abandoned to the relaxing influences which now beset all low grounds in the English health resorts, though it must once have been thought bracing enough, for apparently there were no public houses on Mount Ephraim until the water of the place had practically ceased to compete with its air.

The tale of Tunbridge Wells is soon told in that course from infirmity to fashion which all healing waters run. They were, to be sure, discovered by a dissipated nobleman and so were destined to social distinction from the beginning; but the Romans had omitted to drink of them, and the unwashing Saxons, Danes, and Normans had left the ferruginous pools untroubled by bathing. Their genteel as well as their medical celebrity began in 1606 with the cure of Lord North, and may be supposed to have waned after the visits of George IV in the first third of the last century, though the young Princess Victoria who was after-

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ward the Queen spent much of her youth there. In the mean time, Queen Henrietta of Charles I had visited the Wells, and the Queen of Charles II, that poor Catherine of Braganza whom her blackguard husband made suffer ills beyond the potency of their properties, abode their six weeks in "about forty tents" pitched on a neighboring down. Queen Anne, when Princess Anne of Denmark, gave a stone basin for the fount she frequented at Tunbridge and caused the walks to be paved with tiles, and so established them in the name of The Pantiles forever.

I suppose it was the mystery of this name which determined us for Tunbridge Wells other than for some other watering-place when we were to leave London, for after we had once read Fanny Burney's *Camilla* we vowed ourselves to go some day and see what The Pantiles were and why. Not to leave the reader in overlong curiosity, I will say that the name relates to the complete tiling of the walks, as we might have imagined without coming. We could equally have imagined without coming all those presences of fact and fiction with which The Pantiles were haunted. The great Dr. Johnson and the good Mr. Richardson; *Camilla* herself and her dear authoress, with that amusing buck in the book or blade who always profaned in "O hang it, O curse it," and declared if he did not like a thing that he "could not patronize it"; the Duchess of Queensbury and the several female adorers of the lexicographer and the novelist as you see them in the well-known print, swelling down upon their idols in vast hoops and towering headdresses; Mr. Harry Warrington out of the Virginians coming from play with the several wicked noblemen who had not much ado to mislead him, or going to the rooms of that worldly old wicked woman in whom the beautiful Beatrice Esmond had eventuated; the nameless notorieties of the earlier time observed by Count Hamilton when "all that is considered handsome and gallant in either sex resorts here in the water season . . . and everything breathes pleasure and joy; constraint is banished; intimacy is established at the first acquaintance": we did really imagine something of all this, but I must own we were a whole week at the Wells and many times at The Pantiles without establishing a single intimacy.

It might have been our fault; I do not say it was not, for

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that confidence in the emptiness of the place which we had so rashly indulged had well-nigh left us to camp on the neighboring downs without Queen Catherine's provision of "about forty tents." To be turned away from a succession of hotels is really not personal, but when it continues indefinitely one begins to fancy demerit in one's self. When we came to the last hotel in Tunbridge Wells we suffered this shame the more keenly because we could not understand how a resort long since so abandoned should be so thronged that we could nowhere find shelter in it. But I have noted, in the course of many journeys and sojourns, that it is almost impossible not to arrive in places at the height of some other season when they are in the depths of their own season. Tunbridge Wells, which is no longer the refuge of the ailing, is largely that of the ageing, who qualify for it, not by disease, but by financial competence, by sex, by celibacy or widowhood, and by the frequentation of many years. The superabundance of these amiably senescent ladies ought to have been fully notified even to our careless intelligences by the succession of Bath chairs lining the streets, but we rather took the chairs for a sign of emptiness and disoccupation. However, when our rejection from the hotels convinced us of error, we set about the search for lodgings. We promptly found one apartment which we would not have, and another which would not have us; but a third with some hesitation and self-counsel accepted us, and in a moment almost we were settled in rooms.

Our house was one of a stately half-score so familiarly swell-front that it seemed as if they must be facing on Louisburg Square in Boston, or on the Common in a stretch of Beacon Street. We tried to kindle the imagination of our landlady by citing this fact to her, but, though she was a landlady of unusual intelligence and had been educated to the scientific care of invalids, we failed to interest her in it. She so far conceived our mental make-up, however, as to show us the large drawing-room in which the Duchess of Wellington, then lodging in the house, heard the news of Waterloo; and what would we like for dinner, or as there was a very fine boiled ham coming off, would not we prefer meat-tea? Meat-tea we preferred, and while it was taking its time to come to the table we explored that widely sloping expanse of gorse and heather which stretches between Mount Ephraim and the main town at Tunbridge Wells.

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It is a type of the patrimonial lands which once belonged to the English people in a vastness collectively equalling that of some ducal estate, if not surpassing the least of that sort. The practice of openly or clandestinely encroaching upon such lands has immensely reduced their extent. The owners of adjacent private holdings have fenced in large areas of the commons, and when this was done there was formerly no recourse for the people who were too poor or too timid to contest the spoliation; but within the last fifty years it has been arrested by the Commons Preservation Society. If the reader cares to know how, in what outright English fashion both as to the robbing and from the robber rending his prey, he may learn from Lord Eversley's "Story of the Battle during the last forty-five years for Public Rights over the Commons, Forests, and Foot-paths of England and Wales." It is a most interesting story, and I hope all Americans will feel a special pleasure in realizing that the founder of the society and the historian of it is the statesman who, when he was not yet Lord Eversley, but Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, carried through the House of Commons the vote for the arbitration of the *Alabama* Claims, and so saved two kindred peoples from the bitterest war that could have been. Every part of the story is important, and if that part which records the struggle of the people's friends to help them hold their own in Berkhampsted Common from the invasion of Lord Brownlow is the most dramatic, it is no more important than others. It can concern us here only through my wish that any tourist I send to Tunbridge Wells may feel the human interest, as well as the natural beauty of that stretch of gorse and heather of Tunbridge Wells which invited us away from the fine boiled ham just coming off.

Gorse and heather I have said because it is safe to assign those tough growths to well-nigh any wild place in Britain, though on the Common at Tunbridge Wells it may have been neither that shrubbed the rugged ground and frayed out in the slanting and curving paths which our feet soon learned to know. The Common slopes irregularly between the whole upper and lower town, as I have said, and we climbed up or down whenever we went shopping or sight-seeing in the little city. It is actively illustrative both of the communal ownership and of the aggressions of private ownership which have mostly alienated the earth's children from

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their natural home. Here and there in, say, half a dozen places the land-robbing has gone on till the robbers have intrenched themselves too strongly to be ousted. They probably began by pitching their tents on the Common, but by subtle degrees the tents have changed to stone till one of the least is so formidable as to call itself Gibraltar. This is said to be garrisoned by invalid old ladies of a temperament too stormy for an ordinary environment, and it is impregnable to the hardiest small boy of those that roam the Common in adventurous bands. The successors of other land-pirates are less defiantly lodged, and I suppose the spaces set off for tennis and cricket are appropriated to those pastimes by popular consent. On the borders of the Common is at least one tea-house which we found open on Sunday and responsive to our wish to have tea in its damp little garden.

I judged from some small gatherings at night that the people's demesne was used for religious and political purposes. One night a minute socialist meeting overcame my after-dinner reluctance, and I went out to listen to the mildest arguments for collectivism by nothing redder than the flare of kerosene torches. One of the listeners asked some courteous questions of the speaker, who answered in the gentlest terms; he promised to recur to the same points on the morrow evening, and then with his fellow-conspirators against society (another young man and a young woman) he struck his lurid flambeau and went away, perhaps more explicitly to plot the ruin of capitalism in secret.

We were very prompt the morning after our arrival in visiting the famous wells and to verifying The Pantiles. We found them both at the foot of a pleasant street of shops, which we reached by a path over the Common, in the shelter of so many spreading sycamores (I hope sycamores, for it is a favorite tree of mine and is so characteristic of Old World promenades) that the tiles were in perfect preservation against the ardent sun which consumes so many things exposed to it in England. The Pantiles were obvious to the most casual glance, but we had some difficulty in identifying the Wells. At last we made out one of them in the keeping of the solitary dipper left of those required by the rules to ladle up the ferruginous fluid till every invalid was filled with the gallon or so of it advised by the science of the

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time for his cure. She was an aged dipper wholly unlike the spry little *Mädchen* who minister to your ills at the German Spas; and she was not to blame if her habitual disoccupation had tended to a bulk which we should have been loath to disturb. We exchanged with her a glance of question and self-denial and then we passed on and left her to thronging ghosts in hoops and bag-wigs, out of society and fiction, who were waiting to repair the waste of a night of cards and wine. Then we pressed on over the Pantiles past the rows of glittering little shops, and under the leaves of the sycamores to the spread of penny, tuppeny, and thruppenny chairs beyond the band-stand. Other days we stayed to hear the band, but now we were going to see the exhibition of Tunbridge Wells pictures and antiques which had lately been opened over the forsaken Pump Room by something less than the usual allowance of local gentry. To be quite frank with that amiable exhibition, it was not so important as its well-wisher could have desired, but I do not say it was not worth the shilling (or was it sixpence?) admission fee. It is only fair to own that any civilization or condition of it comes to very little in the collections representing it to posterity. Greece and Rome, indeed, have done surprisingly well in antiquities, but that is because their life was so largely plastic; the commercial life, the business life of the modern world, has had no time for the creation and accumulation of monuments.

After twenty minutes in the exhibition at Tunbridge Wells nothing remained for us but to loiter back over the Pantiles and yet more lingeringly climb the Common by one of its many wandering footways. The breath of Mount Ephraim restored us and made us glad that in the relaxing air of the lower town we had had the courage to "book" seats on the char-à-banc for the beautiful ruin of Bayhem Abbey, some fourteen or fifteen miles away. It is only one of the many alluring excursions from Tunbridge Wells, and it was rather by chance than by choice that we took it; the booking-office, with the char-à-banc standing outside, determined us, and not a specific interest in that ruin above another. But we were never sorry that we chanced it; no lovelier drive could have rewarded far greater merit; the driver himself was indefinitely beyond our desert, which I tried to enhance at the end by a tip representing American prodigality. His white top-hat and his purple face were of the type dear to

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stage-coaching fiction; his aspirates were exactly in the wrong places, and his manners, at once courteous and commanding, were of the best period. Mostly he was silent, but at moments he exploded in unexpected praise of the scenery. A wave of his whip indicated a signal bit of landscape; the fact that the fields bordering our way for ten or twelve miles were the property of a single nobleman seemed addressed to the Americans, who perhaps, more keenly than all his other passengers, felt the wrongs which the wicked Lloyd-George's budget was then about to inflict upon the holders of such vast tracts by making them pay their just share of the common taxes. If the nobleman's possessions had been ugly we could have borne it better, but the very beauty of this twelve or fourteen mile stretch of landscape made the justice of the tax appear more monstrous. When we came to the exquisite ruin of Bayhem Abbey, which with miles around it belonged to a martyred marquis, we should have had no words for our sympathy if we had thought of the marquis. But our thoughts were all for the Abbey, with its Gothic frame so tidily kept from decay, with its towering fragments of arch and clustering columns and bits of long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, its breadths of devised greensward scrupulously clipped between the sinking or sunken walls of the cloister and the many offices which pertained to abbeys. It is no such ruin as Netley Abbey, and it is far from the vast glory of Fountains or the melancholy of Melrose, but it is a ruin full of self-respectful charm, and no friend of decay can afford to omit it from his affectionate resort.

We were dismissed from our char-à-banc at the gate of the grounds and left to find our way to the Abbey on foot by a road rather long and over meadows rather wide. But we made bold to cross the pastures by a cow-path, and our example so far corrupted the rest of our company that everybody came back by the cow-path. They were a friendly lot who had nothing to say to us on the drive after some first civilities in letting us to our places, and I suppose they were as middle or as lower middle class as ourselves. We found our char-à-banc yet farther away than we had left it, for it had withdrawn to the village inn, through whose windows we could see many villagers sitting at colloquial ease behind mugs of beer. No reader of Hardy or of Phillpotts but must have wished to overhear their talk; it probably re-

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lated to the game of cricket going on outside on the village green, ranked round with the leisure of both sexes and offering to the alien spectator an image of the Merrie England which in these days is restoring itself in so many games and dances and other pastimes under the threatening shadow of German invasion.

We were so full of good-will to it all that it was hard, at our tea-table in the garden of the inn, to have one of our companions seemingly less than worthy of our sympathy. Deceived, no doubt, by the perfection of my English accent, he said he wondered that so many precious relics were left lying about in show-places exposed to hordes of sight-seeing Yankees. I could not accept the implied flattery to myself at the cost of my country, and "Were we so predatory?" I asked, and then our companion was willing to hedge from the only aggression my patriotism ever suffered in England. He said he supposed he would not have felt as he did if he had not fallen into inhospitable Irish hands when he went to find work once in the States at a time of general adversity. He was not an unkind man, and he tacitly allowed us to make our peace with him; one of his fingers had gone wrong (I hoped not in the States), and the arched and hooked nail was of the likeness of a fierce hawk beak; he was not very well manicured, to tell the truth.

We were the more susceptible to this unmeant incivility from our fraternization of the day before with the driver of the fly which we took for an excursion to Groombridge. The day was of a sunniness reflected in his shining face and cheery speech, and "You are Irish," I said, and he consented in gay tones that belied his sorrowful terms, "I come from that unfortunate country." I thought he would like my answering in like temper and I said, "We came from that other unfortunate country, America!" and he blithely rejoined, "The two runs together; what one says the other says," and in this recognition of our international solidarity we set off like step-brothers.

But we were not very bitter about the English, who, we allowed, lived in a beautiful land, housed charmingly behind neat hedges and shining lawns or glowing bits of garden, or went harmlessly holidaying by us on bicycles or in motors. They are great pleasurers, those English, and as the alien idler sees them they seem to be always going on some joyous

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jaunt, with eating and drinking at the end of it. They have a climate that invites them to their outings; Providence seems unfailingly to watch over them with waterproofs and umbrellas, and their charming mansions and cottages are so bleak within that their shelter is to be shunned except in the wildest storm or the coldest frost.

I am always carping at the cold of those houses, but there was scarcely one on the way to Groombridge which I did not covet. A good many of them were for sale and I negotiated for all such, arranging to put in hot-air furnaces and steam-heating as a preliminary to possession. But when we reached Groombridge I instantly bought the whole place without condition, so sweetly did the little shops and houses irregularly fencing in the village green entreat one. As it was Bank Holiday, the shops were shut, but our driver knocked at the door of one, and the reluctant mother who came out softened more and more to our enthusiasm and would have sold us in the end more post-cards of Groombridge than we wanted; our driver even presented us with a colored one at his own expense.

Our purchase of the place included not only the village and the club-house of the local hunt, but also the chapel built in 1625 and dedicated "to the happy return" of Charles I, then Prince of Wales, from his unsuccessful wooing of the Infanta of Spain; and I was the more insistent upon this because James Howell, a putative literary ancestor, was secretary to the Prince's expedition and wrote delightfully of his courtship in Madrid. After that I had barely enough left to buy the supreme attraction of Groombridge, namely, the sympathetic prison in which the Duke of Orleans, taken at Agincourt, built himself during his sojourn in the manor-house of Richard Waller, the valiant English knight who had captured him under a heap of slaughtered Frenchmen.

What this manor-house was like no post-card of Henry V's time records, but one of Edward VII's gives a good notion of the edifice with which the captive duke supplanted it. It is not apparent from the guide-book (with two maps and illustrations, 9*d*.) why the duke was permitted to indulge in this architectural pastime, but the English knight may have felt it implied in Henry's charge to "take care of his prisoner," and it is certain he could not have done better than let the duke build that beautiful mansion. The sun-

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shine seemed to melt upon the walls and roof and become part of their mellowness, and the pigeons that swelled and cooed up and down on the steep tiles were of one life with the flowers in the walled gardens below. The house is like many another English country-seat, I suppose, but with the precipitous slant of its roof it is also like a French château, and doubtless the captive duke solaced his homesick heart in studying that form. The moat that surrounds it may be of a charm common to the architecture of both countries; it took the sunshine like the house and garden, and it was without the suggestion of mosquitoes which would qualify the charm if the place were reproduced entire on Long Island or New Jersey, as it may very well be some day. Our guide-book advised us, with other visitors, to "note the peacocks on the lawn before the house," and we tried to do so while scrupulously forbearing to "stray from the public way," but the peacocks were taking a holiday with the rest of us. We were richly recompensed for their absence by the presence of two young ladies who faltered in the garden path while two young men approached with lifting hats and apparently put some question justificative of their having "strayed from the public way." The inaudible but prettily visible parley lasted a few moments; then the young men backed away with lifting hats again, and the ladies went, not hurriedly, into the house. Presently the young men came out near us, where we had tried so hard to eavesdrop their encounter with the ladies, and unlimbered each an easel under an oak beside the moat and began to sketch the house; they must have been asking leave to do so. Happy youths they looked and enviable, and yet we had the better of them, for they could not put themselves into their pictures, and if they put the ladies alone it would want the poetry of the dramatic encounter which our memory of the scene would always keep.

That was the supreme moment of our visit to Groombridge, and yet it was sweet, turning back to the point where we had left our fly, to pause by the shore of the stream which supplied the moat and share the patient disappointment of the anglers fishing its loath waters. They were men and boys who looked as though they were there by sufferance rather than by right and would have enjoyed their sport if they had caught anything. I hope that as it was they enjoyed their holiday; the fish in those sluggish depths

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must have liked it. The sun came through the trees and was of such a tender English warmth that the anglers could bask without baking in it, and we could make our return through the shady avenue in that agreeable languor which is so much more compatible with self-respect than the effect of our sweltering American heat.

I do not offer excuses for not making any of the several other excursions from Tunbridge Wells which the guide-book suggested, but perhaps the reader will be able to forgive me if I allege the relaxing air of the place and the sufficiency of the local charm to our small enterprise. It was for us enough to go down into the pleasant town with its irregularly sloping and branching streets of shops and its neat rows of dwellings, with now and then its statelier mansions showing their garden foliage above their guardian walls. Quiet tramways purled through the principal avenues, and at nightfall the Salvation Army mustered its forces and held the Enemy at bay with fife and drum and with the shouting of the captains of both sexes in song. It seems always an odd way of winning heaven, but of course there were other days in Tunbridge Wells which were apparently so adequate to its people's material as well as spiritual wants.

It is one of the hundreds of comely towns in England which seem designed by Providence for the declining years of half-pay and pensions of all sorts, and various types of small income. There are always a good many houses to let in such places, but there is no other sign of adversity. The houses which are occupied are scarcely more scrupulously kept, and if one were in any wise superannuated one could not wish for anything better than immediate possession. The circumstances are those in which widows and maidens grow older and older indefinitely, and share in the mild amusements and amiable facilities without open envy or rivalry. I dare say they have both; that there are distinctions among them which are effaced among the men at their club. But to the stranger all appears one amicable color; to be quite honest, he scarcely sees any sign of life to judge the fact from. Do such people come out of their houses only after nightfall? The streets are busy with the people who are no people, tradesmen, and strangers like himself; cabs dearer than London cabs, butcher's carts, beasts and vehi-

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cles of burden, and more rarely a private carriage hurrying from publicity or standing before one of the competent shops which in every sort abound and even superabound. The amount of disoccupation in all ages and sexes which is the basis of the local prosperity is scarcely to be estimated; the members of the unemployed with adequate incomes in these English towns must far exceed that of the unemployed without incomes in the hardest of the hard times. Yet where do they keep themselves, hide themselves from the prying, yet not antipathetic American eye, those half-paid, those pensioned, those superannuated, those gently related, those cultivated recluses?

If it was our hope to take some of them unawares in the tasteful new theater which would not be a tight fit for the gaiety of Tunbridge Wells at the height of the season, whenever that was, our hope was disappointed. At the season when we were there, whether it was in or out of the season, the theater hung loosely about a score of people in the orchestra and a hundred in the orchestra circle and the balcony; but the gallery swarmed with enthusiasts for the patriotic American drama which it was our curious chance to have come unknowingly to see. Few of us elect in the four-shilling seats were in evening dress, though some of the ladies had undressed into it in that duteous excess of *décolleté* which is the mark of breeding in Great Britain, and there was no dress elsewhere any more than if it were at Saratoga. A more robustly fearless American melodrama than that which so strangely happened that night at Tunbridge Wells could not have been given at Saratoga. There were moments of Revolutionary and Republican excess in that play which ought logically to have made the heavens fall through the roof upon us, but they only brought down the house in the gallery and the orchestra circle in storms of applause. The scene was in Phillipse Manor on the Hudson, and from first to last the daughter of the house, very beautiful, but a burning loyalist, was employed in promoting the American cause with every violence and artifice as applied to the discomfort of her Tory *fiancé*. This miscreant, sometimes boldly wearing a red coat, in the midst of alarms from the American infantry or cavalry tramping or galloping to the door of the manor-house and more or less beating it in, was not nearly so offensive personally to us

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as the patriot lover whom the maiden of the manor secretly preferred and whom, when wounded, she held captive, but preserved from death that he might effect the triumph of our arms and marry her. All the treasonable sentiments, all the expressions of loyalty to General Washington and disloyalty to King George, roused the gallery to mad approval and left the orchestra in a torpid neutrality. For ourselves, we remained conscious and ashamed, with a guilty feeling that we ought to explain to those sympathizers with rebellion that they were innocently abetting our separation from the mother country, but we had not the courage. We remained silent; we shared for different reasons the joy of the gallery in the butler of Phillipse Manor who played an elderly darky in pure Cockney throughout and unremittingly abetted the establishment of American independence.

W. D. Howells.

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A JOYOUS MYSTIC

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

In the entire history of literature Thomas Traherne, perhaps, furnishes the only example of a writer whose manuscripts were discovered and first published two hundred and twenty-five years after his death and whose work immediately took place among the classics. The story of the discovery of the Traherne manuscripts, although now quite widely known, is too arresting and romantic to omit. Late in 1896 or early in 1897 Mr. William T. Brooke, of the British Museum, while turning over some old volumes on a bookstall in Vigo Street found two little blue manuscript volumes containing poems. Mr. Brooke, an acknowledged authority on sacred poetry and hymnology who has made some valuable garners from our early English religious poetry, saw at a glance that he had fallen upon something at once rare and unknown. He called the late Dr. Grosart into consultation, and he, deeply interested, purchased the manuscripts, and, after careful examination and some wavering, attributed the poems first to Theophilus Gale, then to Thomas Vaughan, and finally to the Silurian himself. So convinced was he finally that he had discovered hitherto unpublished poems by Henry Vaughan that he prepared for the press a new and elaborate edition of Vaughan's works, including the works of Traherne. While Dr. Grosart was still seeking a publisher willing to undertake his new edition of Vaughan he died and his entire library was purchased by Mr. Charles Higham, the well-known bookseller of Farringdon. Meanwhile Bertram Dobell, that literary knight of all lost causes, whose sense for the really beautiful and worthy never fails him, bought the Traherne manuscripts, and tracing a third manuscript to Sotheby's, acquired that. Mr. Bertram Dobell, it will be remembered, is the publisher who discovered James Thomson and published his *City of*

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Dreadful Night. While no one could actually save that fated genius, his publisher at least did all that could be done toward upholding him; and undoubtedly among his noble services to English literature is his careful publication of Thomson's works. But Mr. Dobell's literary sense and keen discrimination have done the literature he loves a still greater service; for once the Traherne manuscripts fell in his hands, scholars were saved the hopeless confusion that would have resulted from the Vaughan attribution.

Now that the mistake is corrected it is easy to wonder how it could ever have been made. Both poets abound in defective rhymes. Vaughan dwelt occasionally upon "the edges and the bordering light" of childhood, Traherne rarely left that realm. Both poets were mystical in temperament and both had a strong sense of the divine in nature; both also felt strongly the contradiction between nature's restful acquiescence and man's wayward restlessness; both might have drawn sustenance and inspiration from Lao-tsze's *Tao*, so firmly do they stand by the doctrines of quiescence. But here the likeness ends and their differences are more striking than their kinship. It is Mr. Dobell's opinion that Traherne far excels Vaughan in fervor of thought and ardor of enthusiasm. "Restrained emotion expressed in verse which moves slowly and not without effort," writes Mr. Dobell, "is, it seems to me, the leading characteristic of Vaughan's poetry; emotion in full flood expressed in lively and energetic diction is that of Traherne's." At any rate, Mr. Dobell felt he had adequate reason to dismiss the Vaughan attribution, and the next light thrown upon the subject was a little poem entitled "The Ways of Wisdom" discovered in a volume called *A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God in several most Devout and Sublime Thanksgivings for the Same.* The poem referred to and one or two others contained in the *Sublime Thanksgivings* proved beyond a doubt to Mr. Dobell that the author of the book found, and of the manuscript poems in his hands, were one and the same person. In the preface of the published volume the author declares himself to be private Chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman. This clew was patiently followed, until finally from Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis* the information was obtained that the author's name was Thomas Traherne (1634 (?)-1676), and that he was the author of two books, *Roman Forgeries* and

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Christian Ethicks. In the *Christian Ethicks* one of the poems of the manuscript book recurred—namely, the one beginning:

> "As in a clock 'tis hindered force doth bring
> The wheels to ordered motion by a spring."

With this evidence Mr. Dobell brought out by subscription in the year 1903 his beautiful edition of *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B.D.*, containing all the manuscript poems, except one marked for suppression; an introduction by the publisher, and a very valuable appendix pointing out the strange and interesting likeness between the work of Traherne, Wordsworth, and Walt Whitman. The reception of Traherne's poems was such that five years later Mr. Dobell reprinted the even more wonderful volume of Traherne's prose, *Centuries of Meditations.* But even then the story had not come to an end. Somewhat more than a year ago a letter from Mr. Dobell brought me the confidence that more Traherne poems had been discovered and would be published in a short time; alas! not under his imprint. In 1910 came the publication from the Clarendon Press of Traherne's *Poems of Felicity.* In a note to his introduction to the *Poetical Works,* Mr. Dobell had already said that he had indications from the folio manuscript that a considerable quantity of Traherne's verse had not yet been recovered. Ten years after Mr. Dobell's startling and valuable discovery Mr. I. H. Bell discovered while hunting for something else in the British Museum the Burney MSS. 392, duly catalogued as follows: "*392—Paper, small octavo, pp. 133, XVII Cent. Poems of Felicity containing divine reflections on the native objects of an Infant's Eye, by Tho. Traheron, B.D., author of the Roman Forgeries and Christian Ethicks.*" The published volume is an exact reproduction of the Burney manuscript and consists of sixty-three poems, twenty-three of them already in the Dobell edition and the remainder new. This in short outline is the story of the discovery of Traherne's work.

Of Traherne's life and character very little can, of course, be known except his soul history which he himself tells minutely in the third and fourth centuries of the *Meditations.* Mr. Dobell's untiring researches have ascertained for us that he was the son of a shoemaker, John Traherne, in Hereford, and a brother of one Philip Traherne, one time perpetual curate of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. In 1652

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Thomas Traherne became a commoner of Brasenose College, Oxford, was made Bachelor of Arts October, 1656, Master of Arts in 1661, and a Bachelor of Divinity 1669. Finally his will is given in full in one of the appendices of the Dobell edition and proves him to have been a man of small property, having "not so much but that I can dispose of it by word of mouth." He willed away about fifteen pounds sterling, two rings, his "best hatt," to his brother Philipp, with the desire that his wife would "keepe it for him"; likewise to his brother such clothes as were worth his acceptance and all his books. The rest of his clothes and his "old hatt" to Phillipp Landman. This seems to have been the extent of his worldly goods.

Traherne's position as a poet and a writer can, of course, only be decided by the passage of time and the verdict of many generations. Mr. Dobell, with the natural prejudice of a discoverer, tends to set his new old poet above Vaughan and in a class with Herbert. Such rating is always difficult, and a more fruitful and valuable study is that of Traherne's strange forecast of ideas and modes of thought which we are accustomed to think of as belonging to later poets. It would hardly seem that Traherne rivals Vaughan in felicity of phrase or in melodious cadence. It would be difficult to find anything in Traherne of as lovely singing quality as Vaughan's:

"They are all gone into the world of light";

or

"My soul, there is a country,"

or as finished and as perfect as "The World," as rich and splendid in imagery as "The Night." Again comparison is naturally invited by similarity of subject between Vaughan's "Childhood" and Traherne's "Wonder" and "Innocence." In form Vaughan, with his simple couplet, has the advantage; nor do I find any single lines in the Traherne poems quite so beautiful and so moving as Vaughan's:

"How do I study now and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O, for thy center and midday
For sure that is the narrow way!"

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On the other hand, it is difficult to find anywhere a passage in English prose which shall surpass in magnificence the first few passages in the Third Book of Traherne's *Meditations;* those meditations in which he describes the world as it appeared to the untarnished eye of the child:

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ectasy; they were such strange and wonderful things! The men! Oh, what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange, seraphic, pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared which talked with my expectation and desire," etc., etc.

This majestic and lovely bit of prose contains the germ of the main matter Traherne had to impart. Like Blake, like Whitman and Wordsworth, none of whom could possibly have seen his work, he believed the world to be altogether beautiful and life-giving and only a failure when convention had ruined man's vision. Over and over in his poetry he returns to this theme and the same imagery, the same words, constantly recur to him:

"For so when first I in the summer fields
Saw golden corn
The earth adorn
(This day that sight its pleasure yields)
No rubies could more take mine eye."

Again he repeats in his verse:

"The streets were paved with golden stones
The boys and girls all mine;
To me how did their lovely faces shine!" etc.

Like Blake, he resented all "churlish proprieties, bounds, and divisions," mentioning the evil effects of these in both prose and poetry. Indeed, might not these following lines easily be mistaken for Blake's own:

"Cursed and devised proprieties
With Envy, Avarice
And Fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.

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And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds
I dreamed not aught of these,
But wandered over all men's grounds
And found repose," etc.

Or might not Traherne have written:

"The sky is an immortal tent built by the sons of Los,
And every space that a man views around his dwelling-place,
Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his universe,
And on its verse the sun rises and sets, the clouds bow
To meet the flat earth and the sea in such an ordered space:
The starry heavens reach no farther, but here bend and set
On all sides, and two poles turn on their valves of gold."

One may also note in Traherne and the mystical poet born almost a century after his death that both have a preoccupation with jewels, pearls, and rubies in especial and a very similar list of favorite objects in nature. Both express indignation at walls and ditches and love rills, runnels, skies, stars, fountains, oceans. Traherne's vision of these things was nearly always abstract and symbolic, and he never brought to bear upon natural objects the artist's sense of substantial reality and beauty of outline as did Blake. One might hunt through Traherne in vain for such a bit of exquisite perception as Blake's address to the Evening Star:

"Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
And wash the dusk with silver—"

or,

"The Moon like a flower
In Heaven's high bower
With silent delight
Looks down on the Night."

Both have angels much in mind and frequently find men more beautiful.

The likeness between Wordsworth's great Ode and Traherne's general thought has been mentioned by Mr. Dobell in his preface, but it remains for another to point out the passages which show the parallel tendency of mind. Set, for example, the opening of Wordsworth's "Ode" beside Traherne's "Wonder":

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,—
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

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It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whersoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I see no more."

as against:

"How like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among his works I did appear,
O, how their glory did me crown!
The world resembled his Eternity
In which my soul did walk
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk."

Again in "Eden" Traherne says:

"Joy, pleasure, beauty, kindness, glory, love,
Sleep, day, life, light,
Peace, melody, my sight,
My ears and heart did fill and freely move,
All that I saw did me delight.
The universe was then a world of treasure,
To me an universal world of pleasure."

And later he regrets that he had to recapture by a painful and arduous training of the reason the gift from heaven which had been tarnished and spoiled by human valuations.

Again in "The Salutation" we find the thought which is so frequently quoted from Wordsworth's "Ode," "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." Traherne exclaims:

"These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
This panting heart wherewith my life begins;
Where have ye been? Behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long!
Where was, in what Abyss, my new-found tongue?"

Very Wordsworthian, too, is the older poet's insistence that:

"'Tis not the object, but the Light
That maketh Heav'n. 'Tis a clearer Sight.
Felicity
Appears to none but them that purely see."

Nor can Traherne ever cease to wonder at the thought which Wordsworth, too, expresses in the lines:

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind."

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It would be, perhaps, too forced and fantastic to point out all the parallels of Platonic doctrine in the two poets, since all men are supposed to be born Aristotelians or Platonists, and no one could question to which school these two writers belong.

A resemblance more curious and even more striking is that to Walt Whitman. If ever a poet might be looked upon as a sort of natural sport, unaccounted for, untutored, untrained, uninfluenced, that poet was Walt Whitman. What can we say, then, when we find not only most of his doctrine, but a great deal of his form and diction, forecast by this writer of the seventeenth century?

First, Traherne sets his faith utterly in the substance of his work and disparages form. "An easy Stile drawn from a native vein," he assures us, "is a clearer stream than that which poets were wont to feign." To say what you have to say in clear and straightforward words is the way to win esteem; the naked truth, he says, brings "highest mysteries to sense." Again with Walt Whitman and Carlyle he disparages the outer clothings of life:

> "I cannot imitat their vulgar Sense
> Who Cloaths admire, but not the Man they fence
> Against the Cold; and while they wonder at
> His rings, his precious Stones, his Gold and Plate;
> The middle piece, his Body and his Mind,
> They overlook; no beauty in them find."

Like Whitman, he loves to enumerate and praise the several parts of the body:

> "Their useful Hands, their Tongues and Ruby Lips,
> Their polisht Flesh, where whitest Lillies mix
> With blushing Roses, and with saphire Veins,
> The bones, the Joints," etc.

In the same poem, "The Preface," the author speaks of the various limbs "that living Engins be of glorious worth," reminding us equally of Wordsworth's line in "She was a phantom of delight":

> "And now I see with eye serene
> The very pulse of the *machine*," etc.

And Whitman's:

> "I sing of the body electric."

Both Traherne and Whitman speak of the "expression of the joints":

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"But the expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face,
It is in his limbs and joints also; it is curiously in the joints of his hips
and wrists."

Traherne's insistence that nature is pure and custom only vicious is very like Whitman's sudden and delightful outburst of longing to live with animals because:

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning
things."

The matter of ownership is another common theme, and both poets lay stress on the fact that to enjoy is to get the best out of a thing and that possession of things is literally a temptation of the devil:

"The earth, the seas, the light, the lofty skies,
The sun and stars are mine; if these I prize."

Of ownership Walt Whitman says: "As if one fit to own things could not at pleasure enter upon all and incorporate them into himself." Still one more point of resemblance as far as subject-matter goes is that mystical sense of identity with all creation. It recurs constantly in Whitman. In the "Carol of Occupations" he sums up all the things done and said and preached and made in the world, and then says:

"All architecture is what you do when you look upon it."

Or again:

"All music is what awakes from you when you
Are reminded by the instruments."

Both poets insist that nothing is greater and no enumeration of numbers of things can possibly amount to anything greater than the soul which not only perceives and notes the greatest numbers and farthest distances, but has a dim sense of being identified with everything and of being infinitely greater than itself can know. "My essence was Capacity," says Traherne, "and this made me present evermore with whatso'er I saw."

In matters of form these two poets both have the habit of cataloguing and enumerating. It is, so far as I know, peculiar to these two poets. It is unnecessary to quote from Whitman; the "Carol of Occupations" has pages of mere

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enumeration; likewise the poems "Walt Whitman," "American Feuillage," "Thoughts," "Song of the Broad Axe," and many other poems. Whitman often gets his effect of largeness, of grandeur, by mere heaping up long lists of things. Although he uses the method infinitely less than Whitman, Traherne too has passages where the effect is gained by just such means; as, for example:

"O Lord!
Thou hast given me a body,
Wherein the glory of Thy Power shineth
Wonderfully composed above the beasts;
Within distinguished into useful parts,
Beautiful without with many ornaments;
Limbs rarely poised,
And made for Heaven;
Arteries filled
With celestial spirits;
Veins wherein blood floweth
Refreshing all my flesh;
Sinews like rivers
Fraught with mystery
Of wonderful strength;
Stability,
Feeling.
. . . . . .
"A Treasury of Wonders,
Fit for its several Ages,
For dissections
For sculptures in brass,
For draughts in anatomy,
For the contemplation of the Sages."

It is hardly fair to point to the use of the long irregular line and stanza as being a trait which these two poets held in common, for Traherne took his irregular meter from his precursors; the long wavering line with the short truncated line following had been handed down in English literature from the days of Skelton and Hawes, who doubtless drew it from Marot and Allimani in France; as earlier than Skelton the accepted meters had no less than eight syllables to a line.

To sum up, Traherne stands, perhaps, not quite so high as Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw as a singer; as a metaphysician and a mystic he ranks higher; is more profoundly interesting, vital, and rewarding.

Centuries of Meditations is finer as prose than the poems

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are as poetry. The prose has charming fluidity and grace, and in the age in which he wrote it must have been distinguished for its natural ease and simplicity. Set beside the prose of Milton it immediately seems more modern. The sentence rarely reaches the stately, periodic march of the Miltonic sentence. The style is simpler than Sir Thomas Browne's and is never as quaint and curious as his. One might more nearly compare it with the prose of Sir Isaac Walton or Gilbert White, having something of the same straightforward desire to impart thought.

The *Centuries* was written in a blank book which was the gift of a lady whom Traherne evidently much admired and loved. It consists of five books, each of the first four containing one hundred reflections, usually about the length of a paragraph of some twenty to fifty lines. The first and least attractive book is doctrinal. He tells the lady first that "an empty book is like an infant's soul in which anything may be written." He promises to try to fill it with those truths which the lady loves "but knows not"; and the mystic note is struck when he adds in the second meditation: "For though it be a maxim of schools that there is no love of a thing unknown, yet I have found that things unknown have a secret influence on the soul, and like the center of the earth unseen violently attract it." Shortly his own personal doctrine is introduced:

"All things were made to be yours, and you were made to prize them according to their value; which is your office and duty, the end for which you were created and the means whereby you enjoy. . . . When things are ours in their proper places, nothing is needful but prizing to enjoy them."

Two of the more beautiful meditations in the first book are these:

"28. Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every morning you awake in heaven; see yourself in your Father's palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys: having such a reverend esteem of all, as if you were among the angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you."

"29. You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins; till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world."

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An odd little contradiction is contained in the first volume. Traherne says: "Till you delight in God for being good to all, you never enjoy the world," but only a page or two farther on he warns us to beware of those whose infatuated fancies are poisonous and who walk in darkness, and adds: "A mercy it is that we should be rejoicing in the temple of heaven while they are toiling and lamenting in hell." This is, perhaps, just a little concession to the modes of thought of his day, for Traherne at his best is a very different thinker. Take the opening sentence of Meditation 44 in Book I: "You must want like a God, that you may be satisfied like a God," and what a glorious text it is!

Book I of the *Centuries* might be named the Book of Doctrine, for herein Traherne states and develops his mystical thesis. Book II is the Book of Love, and III and IV, being chiefly autobiographical, are the Books of Life. Book V, which one might call the Book of the Doors of Death, was, alas! cut short by the author's death while the tenth meditation was writing.

To do justice to Traherne's philosophy in small space were impossible, and all one can do is to point out a newly discovered mystic as interesting as Boehme and more readable.

The chief service of Traherne is to brighten the whole world with a large celestial mirth and to increase, as artists and creators do, our joy and delight in the universe.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

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THE ENGLISH LADY IN POLITICAL LIFE

BY EDWARD PORRITT

FROM the beginning of the nineteenth century to the end of the first decade of the twentieth England had twenty-three Prime Ministers. All except Pitt and Balfour were married. No country can possibly be richer in political memoirs than England. Its history for the nineteenth century could be written from memoirs, diaries, and correspondence if no other material were available. Women's part and interest in politics are discernible in the last half of the eighteenth century when quite a number of women of wealth or high degree nominated members to the House of Commons, and when Fox was quite willing to accept this kind of hospitality from the Countess of Sutherland who controlled the election of a member from Kirkwall Burghs. All through the nineteenth century women had a larger part—direct and indirect—in the political life of England than in any other country. Yet, notwithstanding these two facts—the wealth of England as regards political memoirs and the large part that women of the upper classes have so long had in political life—there was, until the *Memoir of Lady John Russell** was published, no biography of the wife of a Prime Minister, and no single book that adequately portrayed the part of Englishwomen of the governing class in that phase of life in England.

Spencer Walpole, in his *Life of Lord John Russell,* gives some account of Lady John Russell's keen interest in the questions and policies in which her husband was directly concerned. Ashley, in his life of Lord Palmerston, devotes a page to the influence of Lady Palmerston; and Morley, in his exhaustive life of Gladstone, embodies Lord Rosebery's tribute to Mrs. Gladstone,

* *Lady John Russell: A Memoir with Selections from her Diaries and Correspondence.* Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. New York: John Lane Company, 1911.

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"who for sixty years shared all the sorrows and the joys of Mr. Gladstone's life, who received his confidences and every aspiration, who shared his triumphs with him and cheered him under his defeats, who by her tender vigilance sustained and prolonged his years."

Mr. Monypenny, as the first volume shows, is planning his life of Beaconsfield in a spirit and on a scale that insure some attention to the Countess of Beaconsfield. But the tributes to the wives of Prime Ministers in the pages of Walpole, Ashley, and Morley that I have mentioned were about all in English political biography until this excellently edited and revealing memoir of Lady John Russell came from the press. Up to this time, moreover, there were not more than three or four volumes in which the continuous interest of Englishwomen in politics could be fully traced. There was, of course, Princess Lieven's correspondence with Grey at the time of the struggle over the reform bills of 1831 and 1832, and also her letters to her brother between 1812 and 1834. These letters are almost wholly political; and the correspondence with Grey ranks high among the sources for the history of the epoch-making reform of 1832. But Princess Lieven was not an Englishwoman, notwithstanding her remarkable insight into English political conditions in the decade that preceded the first reform act. Queen Victoria's Letters stand in a class by themselves; and leaving aside the Queen's Letters and Princess Lieven's correspondence, there were, until the memoir of Lady John Russell was added to the wealth of English political biography, not more than three or four volumes of memoirs or letters from which the Englishwoman's part in politics in the nineteenth century could be adequately traced.

Glimpses there are of women's interest in politics in Earl Dudley's *Letters to Ivy,* in Malmesbury's *Memoirs of an ex-Minister,* in Stanmore's *Sidney Herbert,* in Churchill's *Lord Randolph Churchill,* and in Fitzmaurice's *Lord Granville.* In these, and in a few other memoirs that might be named, there are glimpses of women's interest in politics, but not much more than glimpses. *Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with His Sister* and *Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone* afford more than glimpses of women's interest; but about the only books that preceded Lady John Russell's memoir, in which are to be found long series of letters on politics written by nineteenth-century Englishwomen of the governing class, were the *Letters of Harriet,*

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Countess of Granville, which cover the period from 1810 to 1845, and the *Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland.* The Westmorland letters begin in 1812 and extend to 1855; and until the letters of Lady John Russell were made public they easily ranked as the most interesting contribution by a woman to English political biography. For the years of the Crimean War there are few collections of letters of more value than those of the Countess of Westmorland; and this volume, which was edited by Lady Rose Weigall, must long hold a high place in English political memoirs. If it is now outranked in political interest by Lady John Russell's memoir, it will be due to the fact that Lady John Russell was the wife of a Prime Minister, and that her letters are almost continuous from 1841 to 1897, while the Countess of Westmorland was the wife of an ambassador and was abroad for the most part of the time from 1842 to 1856.

Lady Fanny Elliot, who was the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto—the Mintos of Elliot, one of the few Whig territorial families of Scotland—became Lady John Russell in July, 1841. She was then in her twenty-sixth year. Russell was in his forty-ninth year—a widower with four stepchildren and two children of his first marriage in 1835 with the widow of Lord Ribblesdale. The first Lady Russell died in 1838. Lord John Russell had been of the House of Commons since 1813. He had had a prominent part in carrying the reform act of 1832, and in freeing the Roman Catholics from their political disabilities, and the Dissenters from religious tests that had so long hampered their education and excluded them from the civil service and from municipal life. He had by 1841 more reforms to his credit than any other Whig statesman of the nineteenth century. He had been of Whig cabinets since Grey's reform administration of 1831-32; and, at the time of his second marriage in 1841, he had recently been re-elected for the city of London and was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Melbourne's administration.

The political education of Lady John Russell had not to begin when she became the wife of a member of the cabinet. There is little in the memoir concerning her general education. The inference is that she was educated at home by governesses and tutors; and as the Mintos were a large family—five daughters and five sons—and as Lady Fanny

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was the second daughter, on her had fallen some part of the education of the younger children. Though there is little concerning her general education, her political education is traceable from the time she was in her teens. In a country home like Minto, which was in close communication with the statesmen of the time, political discussion was frequent and keen, and particularly keen from 1828 onward, when great political reforms were in agitation or in progress. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, in his admirable narrative which connects the diaries and letters, writes:

"The guests were often important politicians; and long before Lady Fanny saw her future husband she frequently heard his name as one whom those she admired looked up to as a leader. In a girl, by nature very susceptible to the appeal of great causes, whose active brain made her delight in the arguments of her elders, these surroundings were likely to foster a passionate interest in public affairs."

Lady Russell's diaries were begun when she was fifteen; and from 1830 to her marriage in 1841 they show her keen interest in politics. One of the early entries—November 2nd, 1831—is of a demonstration in honor of her father as a friend of the reform bill by the working-people of Langham; and after 1835, when Lord Minto became First Lord of the Admiralty and the Minto family was housed in the official residence of the First Lord, political entries became more frequent and show an increasingly intelligent interest in politics. For Lady Fanny Elliot at this time there were visits to Bowood, the Wiltshire home of the Marquis of Lansdowne, breakfasts with Rogers, luncheons at Holland House, and dinner parties at which all the leading Whig politicians were present.

After the dissolution of Parliament in 1837, due to the death of William IV, there was an election at Hawick, where her uncle, John Elliot, was the successful Whig candidate. Lady Fanny wrote in her diary:

"Hawick has done her duty well, indeed—in all ways; for the sheriff's terrible riots have been nothing at all. Some men were ducked and the clothes of some torn off. We all felt so confused with joy that we did not know what to do all the evening."

This was in August, 1837, when the Elliots were at Minto. For the winter they were back at the Admiralty; and the government of which Lord Minto was a member had on its hands the Papineau and Mackenzie rebellions in Quebec and

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Ontario due to Family Compact rule. Lady Fanny Elliot was at this time surprisingly democratic, in spite of her Whig connections; and the democratic sympathies which she expressed in her diaries at the time of the rebellion in Canada were characteristic of her to the end of her life in 1898. She wrote, under date of December 27th, 1837:

"People all seem pleased with the news from Canada because we are beating the poor patriots. . . . Let people say what they will, I must wish them success with all my heart."

Ministerial crises and the strain and unsettlement they involved for members of the cabinet were of Lady Fanny's experiences before she became Lady John Russell. There was a coalition of the Radicals and Conservatives against the Melbourne administration in May, 1839, on the Jamaica bill. The bill was defeated in the House of Commons and defeat brought a crisis for the Government. The entries in Lady Fanny's diary for May 7th, 10th, and 14th—the week over which the crisis extended—were:

"May 7th, 1839.—We are all out! ! ! ! Papa was summoned to a cabinet at twelve this morning. Mama and I in the meantime drove to some shops, and when we came home found him anxiously expecting us with this overpowering news. We bore and are still bearing it with tolerable fortitude, but we are all very very sorry, and every moment find something new to regret. Mama, notwithstanding all she has said, is not better pleased than the rest of us. Papa looks grave or else tries to joke it off.

"Friday, May 10th, 1839, Admiralty.—Agitating morning—one report following another every hour. Sir Robert Peel refused to form a ministry unless the Queen would part with some of her household. To this she would not consent. To-day she sent for Lord Melbourne. . . . We went to the first Queen's ball, very anxious to see how she and other people looked, and to try and foresee coming events by the expression of faces. . . . I spoke to scarcely one Tory, but our Whig friends were in excellent spirits—the Queen also seemed to be so.

"Tuesday, May 14th, 1839, Admiralty.—Papa and Bill (her brother, Lord Melgund) came from the House of Lords quite delighted with Lord Melbourne's speech in explanation of what had passed—manner, matter, everything perfect."

It was an administration if not exactly a political courtship that preceded the marriage of Russell and Lady Fanny Elliot in 1841. It was during the summer of 1840 that Russell's attachment became noticeable. Lady Fanny had met him a good many times at what she describes as "rather solemn dinner-parties" and Russell had stayed at Minto. She had known him well enough to feel distress and the

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greatest sympathy for him when his wife died in 1838, leaving Russell with two young families to look after. Lord John was nearly forty-eight; and hitherto he had been a political hero in her eyes rather than a friend of her own. From June, 1840, however, as the diary tells, Lady Fanny Elliot began to realize Russell from another side. Russell and his sister-in-law, Miss Lister, were at Putney House, the suburban home of the Mintos, on the 3rd of June, and "all the little Listers came." "All very merry," continues the diary. "Lord John played with us and the children at trap-ball and shooting." The next time they met was at the Admiralty. "Little unexpected cabinet meeting after dinner," reads the diary. "Lords John Russell and Palmerston talked war with France till bedtime. I hope Papa tells the truth as to its improbability."

Two days later Lady Fanny wrote: "Lord John Russell again surprised us by coming in to tea. How much I like him!" The next evening she dined at his house, and as the diary records, "sat between Lord John and Mr. E. Villiers." By November, 1840, there were paragraphs in the London newspapers that Lord John was to marry Lady Fanny Elliot—all unauthorized, for no such announcements could have been otherwise than premature earlier than June 8th, 1841. Then Russell was accepted; and on July 20th they were married — Scotch fashion — in the drawing-room at Minto.

Walpole's is a good and sympathetic biography of Russell, for Walpole had Russell's correspondence to draw upon at will. But from 1841 to 1866, when Russell retired from the leadership of the Liberal party and was succeeded as leader by Gladstone, it is possible to follow the vicissitudes of Russell's career in Lady Russell's diary and letters without the aid of Walpole. Its successes and its triumphs, as well as its failures and disappointments, are all told in either the letters or the diary; and it is possible to learn at first hand how much Russell owed in the last half of his long Parliamentary life to the Scotchwoman, who even in her teens developed, as Mr. MacCarthy tells us, "a passionate interest in public affairs."

The Melbourne administration in which Russell was Secretary of State for the Colonies came to an end in September, 1841 — within two months after Russell's marriage — and Peel and the Conservatives came into power. The Corn

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Law League was pushing its propaganda with much energy at this time; and in February, 1842, Peel in the House of Commons brought forward a scheme, ultimately carried in that session, for a sliding scale of duties on wheat. Lord John Russell proposed an amendment in favor of a fixed duty at eight shillings a quarter. Lady Russell was in the Ladies' Gallery for the debate, which she described in her diary:

"Chesham Palace, February 14th, 1842.—Beginning of corn-law debate. Went to hear Lord John. He began—excellent speech—attacked the measure as founded on the same bad principle as the present corn laws; showed the absurdity of any corn laws to make us independent of foreign countries; the cruelty of doing nothing to relieve the distress of the manufacturing districts; the different results of a sliding scale and a fixed duty; the advantages of free trade, even with all countries, especially with the United States, etc., etc.; was much cheered. Answered by Mr. Gladstone, beside whose wife I was sitting."

Peel's sliding scale of duties—the compromise of 1842—did not settle the great question of the corn laws. The distress of the poorer classes in the autumn of 1845 was terrible. It has been described as unparalleled since the Middle Ages. Parliament had to do something; and it was at this crisis that Russell wrote his famous free-trade letter to his constituents of the city of London, urging them to demand the only permanent remedy and to

"unite to put an end to a system which has proved to be the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter division among classes, the cause of penury, fever, mortality, and crime among the people."

Early in December Peel, thoroughly alarmed at the distress in England and the famine in Ireland, called a cabinet council to consider the repeal of the corn laws. Several of Peel's colleagues refused to support him in repeal. Peel was thus compelled to resign; and on December 9th Lord John Russell, then with his family in Edinburgh, was summoned by the Queen to Osborne House to form an administration to repeal the corn laws. Russell's unsuccessful efforts to form an administration were continuous from December 10th to December 20th. He wrote each day to Lady Russell in Edinburgh and there were as many letters from Edinburgh to London.

Lord John to Lady John Russell—Osborne House, December 11th, 1845:

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"Well, I am here, and have seen Her Majesty. It is proposed to me to form a government; and nothing can be more gracious than the manner in which this has been done. Likewise Sir Robert Peel has placed his views on paper, and they are such as very much to facilitate my task. Can I do so wild a thing? For this purpose and to know whether it is wild or not I must consult my friends. . . . There end politics. . . ."

Lady John to Lord John Russell, Edinburgh, December 13th, 1845:

"I have just read your note which I so anxiously expected from Osborne House. No, my dearest, it is not a wild thing. It is a great duty which you will nobly perform; and with all my regrets—with the conviction that private happiness to the degree we have enjoyed is at an end if you are Prime Minister—still I sincerely hope that no timid friend will dissuade you from at least trying what you have yourself called upon the country to help you in. If I liked it better I should feel less certain that it was a duty."

She wrote again on the 14th:

"I am as eager and anxious lying here on my sofa—a broken-down, useless bit of rubbish—as if I were well and strong, and in the midst of the turmoil. And I am proud to find that even the prospect of what you too truly call the 'desolation of our domestic prospects,' though the words go to my very heart of hearts, cannot shake my wish that you should make the attempt. My mind is made up. My ambition is that you should be the head of the most moral and religious government the country has ever had."

Earl Grey refused to serve in the Russell cabinet if Palmerston were Foreign Secretary. Russell wrote to his wife on December 20th:

"I could not make a cabinet without Lord Grey; and I have, therefore, been to Windsor this morning to resign my hard task."

And on December 24th Lady John Russell told the story of the breakdown of Russell's attempts to form an administration in a letter to her elder sister, Lady Mary Abercromby, to whom many of the letters from 1840 to 1858 are addressed:

"MINTO, *December 24th, 1845.*

"You will see by the *Times* what the cause of the failure is: Lord Grey's refusal to belong to the ministry if Lord Palmerston was at the Foreign Office—a most unfortunate cause, we must all agree, but in the opinion of Papa and many other wise people, a most fortunate occurrence on the whole, as they considered it next to impossible that such a ministry as John could have formed would have been strong enough to be of use to the country. My husband, who is no coward, sees it differently, and thinks that with a united cabinet he might have gone on successfully, and carried not only corn-law repeal, but other great questions; though the probability

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was that they would only have carried that and then gone out. But even that would have been something worth doing, and better and more naturally done by Whigs than Tories."

Lady John Russell remained at Edinburgh during the session of Parliament in which Peel, who had resumed office, carried the repeal of the corn laws; and the letters from London to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to London are as enlightening politically as those of the crisis of December, 1845. And it is the same as regards every great political development or crisis from 1845 to 1866, when Russell retired from active political life. At such times when there are no letters from Lady John to Russell there is the diary and Lady Russell's letters to Lady Mary Abercromby or to other intimate correspondents—all, like Lady Russell, keenly interested in politics and most of them with political sympathies in harmony with those of the Russells. Letters of political interest did not end with Russell's retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party in 1866. The letters and the diary continue until Russell's death in 1878.

One incidental value of these later glimpses is that they show that Russell's Liberalism did not weaken with advancing years, for he was more Liberal than either Gladstone or Forster at the time of the struggle in Parliament over the education bill of 1870. Advancing years also brought no weakening in the political convictions of Lady John Russell. Her sympathies were to the end much those to which she gave expression in 1837, at the time of the rebellion in Canada; and none of the letters in the whole of the memoir shows better Lady John Russell's insight into politics than those which were written at the time of the historic split in the Liberal party over Home Rule in 1886, and of the second crisis in the Liberal party due to Parnell's appearance in the divorce court in 1890. Rosebery's tribute to Mrs. Gladstone might well have been written of Lady John Russell; and there are other wives of Prime Ministers and of great leaders in English political life who, by their sympathy with their husbands and their keen interest in politics, have earned a similar eulogy.

EDWARD PORRITT.

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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

V—HENRY BRADSHAW

Henry Bradshaw was born in 1831. He came of an interesting stock. His father was a Quaker, and he was descended from the great banking family of the Hoares. His direct ancestor was a near blood-relative of the famous Regicide; "but my mother was a Stewart," he used humorously to add. He was educated at Eton, where he was known as a good-humored indolent boy, of high moral character, and with his own clearly defined pursuits. At Cambridge he did not distinguish himself in the prescribed studies, but succeeded to a King's Fellowship, and went for a time to be a master in St. Columba's School, near Dublin. The work was uncongenial to him, and affected his health prejudicially. He came back to Cambridge, took a College office, and held a subordinate post in the Library. In the course of the next twenty years he made himself one of the most erudite of bibliographical authorities, and in 1867 accepted the Librarianship. This post he held with marked success for twenty years. He took few holidays, and most of his work was done in helping other scholars. He died suddenly in his rooms in 1886, at the early age of fifty-five.

Such is the bare biographical outline of a life that would seem at first sight to be not only destitute of events, but of most of the possibilities of human interest; to resemble, indeed, the career of a worm that burrows in a dusty folio, measuring its progress not even by pages traversed, but by pages pierced, and leaving no trace of its passage from volume to volume but a little sprinkling of outpoured excavation. Yet, as a matter of fact, it would be hard to find a life more widely and firmly knit with other lives. Not only was Henry Bradshaw one who by a sort of genius of friendship established direct relations with a constant and in-

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creasing succession of friends of all ages, but even his very pursuits, narrow and academical as they sound, formed both the scene and material for the same multiplication of intimacies. In fact, his studies were mainly attractive to him because of the links which they afforded him with the personalities of the past, or for the sake of those in the present on whom he might lavish the most unsparing help. His life, indeed, suffused as it was with tranquil charm and romantic affection, casts a vivid light upon all those mysterious figures of the past whose effect upon their contemporaries seems wholly out of proportion to the slender materials with which they worked or the quality of their actual performance. It may safely be said that of all the Cambridge men of his time there was no one who was regarded with a more loving respect, or whose death made a more sharply felt gap in so many generations. There was no one on whom his friends more depended for a certain unchangeable regard, an affection which was both ardent and restrained, and a perfect loyalty which never shrank from absolute candor, and yet never failed to make the fullest allowance for temperament. Bradshaw was not a faultless man: he was indolent, fastidious, even whimsical; but he had a depth and a force of nature which is more than rare, a magnanimity which was wholly unaffected and instinctive. He was sensitive without jealousy, and though he loved details, he never lost sight of the great outlines and mainsprings of humanity.

I fear that I am not in the least degree capable of appreciating and still less of criticising the value of his bibliographical and archæological work. It is certain that he held a foremost position in the bibliographical world. Much of his erudition was buried in his note-book, in scattered jottings and phrases, and much of it is embodied in the completed researches of other scholars. He was constitutionally incapable of finishing work on his own account, but he had not the least particle of jealousy or personal ambition in him. He was only too ready to give away the results of his investigation, and he did not care for recognition. In bibliography he was a sort of Sherlock Holmes, with an amazing instinct for seeing the drift of a problem, and of balancing and applying details in the right place. Everything that he observed in the course of his researches threw light on some other problem that was floating in his mind.

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This is hardly the place to amass instances of his amazing delicacy of observation and the incredible "coincidences" which assisted his efforts. He had the faculty of keeping an enormous number of small points in his mind, and of focussing them all upon the detail under consideration. He knew the history of a book or a manuscript at a glance, and eyes, ears, and nose alike contributed their share of information. He extracted out of the bindings of books fragments of manuscript glosses which extended philological knowledge; he had a genius for discovering in libraries books that had been supposed to be missing for many decades, and were masquerading in new bindings and under erroneous titles. He did this mostly by the not very recondite process of looking at the insides of books instead of the outsides, which seems to be the habit of librarians; and his marvelous luck came to the assistance of his skill, his patience, and his knowledge. I have never myself been able to rate the *value* of bibliographical exploration very highly from the point of view of its services to literature or history. It seems to me to be the exercise of a highly delicate and artistic gift, and the pleasure derivable from it to be on a par with the pleasure derivable from any other kind of fine connoisseurship. Bradshaw was, I think, a very subtle and a very fortunate connoisseur. He himself admitted that bibliographical work was dry and tedious; but it amused him, and he confessed that it was his greatest pleasure; while it was the human element in it which throughout attracted him. "My province," he once wrote, "is to give help on certain details which most people don't care about." And again he said: "The most interesting thing to me is not so much finding particular books, as tracing the history—the individuality of great libraries which have come down to the present time."

But what is the most remarkable fact about a man who accomplished so large an amount of erudite work, in addition to much administrative and deliberative business, both in his College and in the University, is that what he did was almost entirely done without effort, and because he liked it. It was so all through his life: as a boy and as an undergraduate he could not do the prescribed work. At Eton, instead of preparing a lesson, he would spend the time in tracing a word in the dictionary through its derivations. At Cambridge, as an undergraduate, he would for days read

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nothing but novels. Later in life there were several great subjects which he had more or less constantly in hand—the editing of Chaucer, the history of typography, early Irish literature, medieval liturgiology. Yet he completed nothing. He could not work under compulsion; when he ought to have been doing one thing he took up another. He could not make himself do anything. He was often approached by editors to write them special articles, and he sometimes undertook to provide them. But it generally proved almost impossible to get the work out of him. It was partly an extreme fastidiousness and a dislike of coming to any conclusion unless he had ransacked all possible records; but it was partly a constitutional indolence, and an inability to force himself to drudgery. He was well aware of this failing. He often confessed it, and never condoned it. He once deplored his inability to write French, saying that he was one who had a supreme love for the literature and language of France, but not enough energy to master the simplest elements of grammar. "It has been my curse all through life," he once wrote, "that I want the power or gift, or whatever you like to call it, of *finishing* what I work at, and all the minute research in the world is only rendered more hopeless by this one failing." But it was this consciousness of a stubborn weakness which made him so tolerant of others' faults. He knew exactly what moral effort could do and what it could not do. He said once frankly that he had never been able to work at anything which did not amuse him; but this must not be held to apply to his administrative work, which was always faithfully done. Indeed, it is curious to find that this indolence of temperament and incapability of finishing coexisted in him with an extraordinary instinct for method —for seeing the way in which an institution ought to be organized, a set of complicated accounts kept, a statute or a set of regulations drafted. And it is the fact that he left his mark—and an indelible one—on both his University and his College in such matters, and that his influence as a counselor and administrator was real and wide.

The same fact comes out, strangely enough, in his relations with his friends and family. He used to give pain and cause misunderstanding by his inability to answer letters; indeed, he sacrificed one of his tenderest and most emotional friendships to this habit, sending no reply to reiterated letters of the most affectionate entreaty and re-

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monstrance. It seems impossible to analyze exactly his feeling on the point. He suffered acutely, he confessed, under the idea of the unanswered inquiry, the slighted affection; but this could not make him act. In one so tender, so faithful, so laborious, it is impossible to think of this as a mere perversity; it must have been almost a malady of will, some mechanical suspension of volition. No one ever accused him of any lack of love or failure of dutifulness; and yet this strange fiber of impotence lies across his character, as a thing which he pathetically deplored but seemed unable to alter.

Henry Bradshaw's name was familiar enough to me as a small boy. He was my youngest brother's godfather and the donor, in that capacity, of an envied silver cup. Of the ten friends of my father who were sponsors to his children, he was the only one who was not a clergyman.

I remember well his first appearance in our circle. He arrived at Lincoln, where my father was then a canon, on a sudden visit, I should think in 1874. He was then about forty-three years old. He arrived late one evening, when we children had all gone to bed. We were full of curiosity about him, and on coming down to breakfast we saw, observed, and instantly approved.

There came into the room, solidly, quietly, and imperturbably, a short, stoutly built, plump, clean-shaven man, in a serviceable suit of gray. His hair, cut very short, bristled over his big round cranium. I fancy that he had small side-whiskers. His head was set rather low on his shoulders and thrown slightly backward by his upright carriage. Everything about him was solid and comfortable; he filled his clothes sturdily, and his neat short-fingered hand was a pleasant one to grasp. His small eyes were half closed, and a smile half-tender, half-humorous, seemed to ripple secretly over his face, without any movement of his small but expressive lips. We were presented to him, and he held our hands for a moment in his own, repeating our names in a way which gave us a pleasing sense of immediate and permanent relationship to him. My father's delight in his company was as obvious and patent as his respect for his guest. I understood from that moment that he was a man of dignity and importance, and though the allusiveness of his talk was beyond our comprehension, dealing much with undergraduate reminiscences, yet it was plain that he was

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not a mere pomposity. His humor had something darting, subtle, charmingly malicious about it, and yet all the time his tenderness and his emotion were obvious and visible.

I saw him again some years later, when I was an Eton boy. It was in the summer of 1878 that I was coming up from the playing-fields, and near the gateway into the cloisters, under Lupton's Tower, I saw my old friend standing with the present Vice-Provost of Eton, Mr. Cornish, then one of the masters. I saluted him, and was too shy to claim Bradshaw's acquaintance; but Mr. Cornish called to me, and said to Bradshaw, "Here is a friend of yours, I think—Benson." Bradshaw gave me a quick radiant smile and held out his hand, saying, "Of course—Martin!" This was the name of my elder brother, who had died at Winchester earlier in the same year. I did not speak, and I suppose I looked confused. Bradshaw himself at once recognized the mistake, and I could see that he was extremely distressed at what he had inadvertently done. He put his arm through mine, and presently took me off to the College Library with him, where he was at work, talking quietly and affectionately about my father and mother, and then showing me some interesting things in the Library, as if to obliterate the painful impression of his involuntary mistake.

When I came to go up to King's as an undergraduate in 1881, my father took me to see him in his rooms. They were on the first floor in the front court, just beyond the Hall, and had a private back staircase, which came down into the kitchen passage. He greeted me very warmly and kindly, holding my hand for a minute in his, and giving it a little flick with his fingers as he did so, which came to be so characteristic a greeting. "Mind," he said to me as I went away, "I want you to be at home in these rooms, and to come to see me at any time: you will be always welcome, for your father's sake"—and then he gave me a little smile, darting a quick and kindly glance at me, and added, "and for your own!" They were great big rooms, with two large parlors, looking north and south, and a bedroom. They were heterogeneously furnished, without any attempt at taste or indeed of comfort, with books and papers all about—a strange mixture of order and disorder. Most of the pictures and ornaments had some association connected with them, which he could generally be induced to relate. On Sunday evenings he was usually at home, and held quiet,

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vague receptions, people coming and going and joining the circle, where the talk was of the easiest. But better still were the times when one found him alone. I remember one summer day his meeting me in the court. It was very hot weather, and I was in flannels. "What are you doing?" he said... "Are you supposed to be working? Why not come and work in my rooms?—I shall not interrupt you." I took a book and ensconced myself on his sofa, while he sate writing at the table, every now and then glancing up with a smile, as if pleased to have me with him. Then he sent for some luncheon, and we lunched together. Then we decided it was too hot to go out, so we read and talked until tea-time, when he gave me tea, and we strolled afterward to the Fellows' Garden and sate there in the dusk. I do not know how he established, as he did, the peculiar feeling of intimacy and affection. It was done by manner and look rather than by speech, and by establishing little absurd secrets, such as children might have, which he never forgot. For instance, he used to have hanging on his watch-chain a charm in the shape of a tiny silver tankard. I once made some silly objection to the incongruity of this, and he seldom failed, in talking to me, to cover it with one hand, saying, "I mustn't forget you think this degrading!" He had a way, too, of leading one on to tell him all about one's home-doings and domestic incidents, so that it became natural to inform him of anything that happened, and to consult him if there was any friction. I remember that my father once objected to my accepting some invitation to a circle of which he did not approve. I took the letter—a long, anxious, and tender document—to Bradshaw, and told him the story. He read the letter and said: "Of course, you think that your liberty is being interfered with. Don't you see, you goose, that it is worth anything to have a father who cares about you like that?" I did see it, in a flash, and felt a goose indeed!

When I had a disappointment in my Tripos, and took a lower place than I had expected, he came in to see me. "I know—I understand," he said. "Of course, you are disappointed, and so am I. But depend upon it, these things mean something, and it is our business to find out what they mean. They don't happen merely to annoy us."

I got into the way, with the easy egotism of youth, of referring all sorts of trivial matters to him—squabbles, mis-

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understandings, worries, fears, as well as hopes, pleasures, new friendships, successes. It was very tempting, because he always seemed, and indeed was, so much interested in the details, and his comments were not professional or hortatory, but purely sympathetic. He was tolerant, I used to think, of everything but coarseness, meanness, and intellectual pride. He could not bear airs of superiority; and I have seen him pour cold water in public on priggishness with a liberal hand. He had a way, if I made any remark to him savoring of contemptuous judgment of another, of pushing up the tip of his nose with his finger to indicate the *nasus aduncus*. I would hasten to explain, covered with ingenuous confusion, that I was the most tolerant of human beings. "Oh, of course, of course. That's the misfortune of having a high standard. Poor So-and-so is not quite . . . quite correct? He hasn't the advantage of being an Etonian, like you and me!"

One of the most curious things about him was his habits, or rather his absence of habits. Sometimes for days together he would be secluded in his rooms, only going to and from the Library, and eating a meal, generally of tea and bread and butter, at any hour of the day or night. Sometimes he would be up early, sometimes lie in bed half the morning. He took, in my time, very little exercise, but occasionally he would tricycle or go for long walks. He seemed to have no settled occupations and no fixed hours for work; but he hardly ever took a holiday, and his series of notebooks, in which he wrote down every kind of miscellaneous facts, grew steadily. He was always ready to undertake any amount of congenial investigation for other people, while he could seldom bring himself to attend to any work of his own. One most characteristic thing about him was, that if one ever consulted him on a point of antiquity or erudition, he had always just stumbled upon the answer in the course of some other investigation. These "coincidences," which were always happening, filled him with extreme delight. The reason was that he had an immense and varied stock of knowledge in his mind, and never forgot anything, so that any question extracted illustrative facts. I once traveled up to London with him, and pointed out a big house on the outskirts of London, with a large garden, which was being demolished to make room for some suburban houses. "Yes," he said, "I used often to go and play there

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when I was a child." A few minutes later we passed an old church, the tower of which rose from a weltering mass of new streets. I called his attention to it. "Yes," he said, "I was christened there. What a coincidence!"

He was a familiar figure on Sundays in King's Chapel. He sate in the Senior Fellows' stalls on the right of the choir, his big head poised on his shoulders, enveloped in a full surplice. He always wore the old non-regent M.A. hood of black silk, with the white lining removed, which is now used by holders of the B.D. degree. He had a trick of taking off his hood in the court after Chapel, and carefully folding it up into a neat package. But the most familiar impression of him is as he walked in the morning in cap and gown with slow leisurely steps to the Library, along the front of the Fellows' Building and round the west end of the Chapel, with his note-book clasped to his chest. He suffered from long fits of what he called "grumpiness." "It's no use—I won't stop to talk; I am grumpy to-day." I used to inquire what was the matter. "Oh, I don't know" (with a sigh). "*People* are so tiresome; it's my own sinfulness, no doubt!" But, as a rule, he was extraordinarily equable and cheerful, and kept his moods and his ailments to himself. He was very variable about correspondence. On one occasion, when he was traveling in France, he wrote to me two or three times a week. At another time nothing would extract an answer from him. He was unable at times to return any answer to an invitation, and it is a well-known anecdote how a friend of his, who had invited him to dinner and could get no reply, sent him two post-cards, addressed to himself, on one of which was "Yes" and on the other "No." Bradshaw posted them both. But he was forgiven everything and allowed to do exactly as he pleased. If he did come, people were delighted to see him; and if he did not, it was Bradshaw, and he was privileged.

His personal influence was extraordinary. It was not gained by any arts, nor did he ever manifest the slightest wish to interfere or to exercise influence. One just knew him to be a man of guileless life, laborious, high-principled, incapable of any sort of meanness or malice. To love is to understand everything, says the French proverb. It is not easy really to improve people by scolding them or lecturing them, but if one knows that a generous, unsuspicious, high-minded man has a real affection for one, it is impossible not

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to be restrained by the thought from acting in a way that he would disapprove. Bradshaw's influence over the men he knew was stronger than the influence of any man at Cambridge. But his affection was sisterly—if one can use the word—rather than paternal. He was fond of little demonstrations of affection, would pat and stroke one's hand as he talked, and yet there was never the least shadow of sentimentality about it. I remember that a friend of mine told me that he had once kissed Bradshaw's hand when he said good-by to him, on an occasion when Bradshaw had shown him even more than his usual kindness. "I am not the Pope," he said, bluffly, but the offender felt that he was pleased. He had a way of picking a flower, if one was with him, and sticking it into one's buttonhole, which had something gently caressing about it. Indeed, his affection for his friends had something really romantic about it. There is a letter in his *Life* which says to an undergraduate friend that he is tempted to think about him continually, and to write him too often. And yet I have never heard any one suggest that there was anything weak or unmanly about his tenderness. It was preserved from that by his critical judgment, his excellent sense, his power of saying the most incisive things, and the irony which, however lambent, had got a very clear cutting-edge, and which he was always ready to use if there was occasion. If any one traded on the affection of Bradshaw or counted on indulgence, he was sure to be instantly and kindly snubbed. It was more that there was an atmosphere of intimacy and confidence in one's relations with him, which pervaded the time spent in his company as with fragrant summer air.

He loved directness in everything. He spoke again and again of his admiration of the men who used their energy on doing the best work they could, rather than on decrying the work of others, which he believed to be a disabling fault of Cambridge. He hated intrigues and manœuvers, and maintained that the best and most effectual form of diplomacy was to tell your opponents your reasons for disagreeing with them. So, too, in his handling of life he detested casuistry, and believed that if things went wrong, the truest and manliest solution was to be ready to believe it was your own fault rather than the guile of others. It may be thought that this arose from fearlessness and freedom from morbidity. Fearless he certainly was, but, on the other hand,

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he was almost morbidly sensitive. He could not bear hostility or even coldness. He once did an elaborate and voluntary piece of work with reference to the Bodleian. The then Librarian, Mr. Coxe, received the results with what Bradshaw thought was ungracious indifference. Bradshaw threw the papers he had prepared into the fire, and confessed that he never took any real pleasure in the Bodleian again.

But it remains a very difficult matter to analyze the charm of a life which had so little that was calculated or dramatic about it. It is very hard to say what it is which makes a man what may be called a *figure,* a distinction which appears to fall so fortuitously on men of no brilliance or predominance, and to miss so completely and unquestionably men of far higher powers and attainments. Some men achieve that particular prestige by an unconsciously artistic handling of their materials, some by an innate picturesqueness, some by a kind of secret fragrance of spirit, a balanced consistency of life. There is a charm about the exhibition of simplicity in a great position, but there is a still more potent charm about the exhibition of greatness in a simple position. There have been famous bibliographers who have had their reward, and there have been men of deeply emotional nature who have been faithfully loved by their friends; but the remarkable thing about Bradshaw is to note the passionate desire on the part of his friends to acclaim his greatness on grounds which, in the case of an ordinary personality, would only justify a moderate degree of eminence in a small and limited sphere of technical knowledge. I do not at all wish to belittle the excellence of Bradshaw's work—its range was considerable, its quality was supreme; but no man can be heroic in bibliography, and we must look elsewhere for the secret of the ineffaceable impression he made upon his friends. The secret lies in the quality of the man's soul. In the region of affection he had a natural kingship. To put one's own petty heart in touch with his was to feel oneself enveloped by something deep and pure and lasting. If the individualities of men do indeed survive, and if, in the world that lies beyond our limited perceptions, personal intercourse, however transformed and enlarged, is possible, then I feel for myself, and I do not doubt that other friends of Bradshaw feel it too, that one will be met and welcomed and received by that sweet and gentle spirit with the same

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tenacity and tranquillity of affection which he so often gave us in the old unforgotten days. I do not exaggerate when I say that to be with him on one of those quiet evenings in the scented dusk of the College garden, with its screening foliage and its winding ways, with the flowers glimmering in the bordered turf, was like floating in a boat on a silent moving tide. The man was always there, behind his labors and anxieties, and infinitely greater than them. I am not attributing to him any close intellectual grasp of intricate problems, any vast mental horizon; but what he had was an immense vitality of affection, a power of loving—not selfishly or desirously, not for any comfort or luxury of emotion that he might gain, but simply because his heart was deep and wide. He did not condone one's faults or weakly overlook them; he simply took you as you were, and because you were just that and nothing else, and dear to him so. He did not appraise or justify, remember or forget. He simply loved his friend as the father in the parable loved his prodigal son, because he loved him, and for no better reason.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DRAMA AND POETRY

THE THEORY OF THE THEATER. By CLAYTON HAMILTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

AN eminently readable and practical guide to play-writing is Mr. Clayton Hamilton's *Theory of the Theater;* well composed and to the point. In all his advice as to method and manner he follows the maxim of George Ade: "In uplifting, get underneath." Whether this is the highest reach of wisdom or not remains to be seen. In no other department of literature would it hold good. It was not what Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius, or Epictetus, or Ruskin, or Emerson, or Carlyle did. They went up ahead and pulled. It is Mr. Hamilton's contention that what America needs is one great dramatist who understands the crowd, and he argues that the crowd always understands and goes to hear Shakespeare. Never once does he mention that the crowd is influenced by the name and fame of Shakespeare and that the people really interested in the play are few and far between. The people are largely interested in a new interpretation of a well-known character. "In so far as he was a dramatist," says Mr. Hamilton, "Shakespeare wrote for the crowd; in so far as he was a lyric poet he wrote for himself; in so far as he was a sage and a stylist he wrote for the individual." But Mr. Hamilton never ceases to urge that the would-be dramatist must earn the attention of the many. Of course the theory is in line with the democratization of all modern life, letters, philosophy, art. But there are still those who hold out that all really great work makes appeal first to the few, who explain it to the many, and that only by just that process of the advance-guard who understand and explain is any good work allowed to live at all in the world. But for them the theater would be nothing but a few comic songs and vaudeville stunts.

Allowing for the fundamental difference of opinion as to whether dramatic art gains by being lowered to the level of the lowest intelligence or not, Mr. Hamilton's book is full of able, clear ideas lucidly set down. The chapter on "Modern Social Drama" is a good disquisition on the theme of what is permissible subject-matter for a play. "To make us pity his characters when they are vile or love them when they are noxious," he says, "invent excuses for them in situations where they cannot be excused —that is for the dramatist the one unpardonable sin."

The most amusing chapter in Mr. Hamilton's book is that on the "Actor and the Dramatist" with its fund of anecdote and illuminating illustrations. The book, on the whole, is full of good advice to the would-be play-

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writer. It is not subtle, not profound, not comprehensive, not far-seeing, but it is clear-sighted, moderate, and expresses the average taste of the average man.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED, THE SHOWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNETT. By BERNARD SHAW. New York: Brentano's, 1911.

Here is the delightful Mr. Shaw again, quite after his usual manner, taking up with lost causes and moral reforms and progressive ideas with all his usual satire, joviality, and good-humor. He has said himself that to be famous meant to be held in the mid-channel of abuse, and the present volume is certainly not likely to lessen his own share of abuse. In the first play he makes not only a strong plea for anti-vivisection,—perhaps the strongest that has yet been made,—but makes a strong plea for anti-vaccination and for anti-operation. Indeed, the whole trade of the surgeon comes under Mr. Shaw's ban. In his delightful preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* he gives much good advice. One bit is, "Of all the anti-social vested interests the worst is the vested interest in ill health." Another, "Remember that an illness is a misdemeanor and treat the doctor as an accessory, unless he notifies every case to the public health authority." Again: "Do not try to live forever; you will not succeed." "Use your health even to the point of wearing it out. That is what it is for." "Spend all you have before you die and do not outlive yourself."

The strongest play in the volume is "Getting Married," and as usual Mr. Shaw gives us more preface than play on the subject of the revolt against marriage, with chapters on the Inevitability of Marriage, Survival of Sex Slavery, Too Much of a Good Thing (meaning too much family life), Why Statesmen Shirk the Marriage Question, What is to Become of Children, etc.

For those who are interested in Mr. Shaw's theory of social reform the prefaces are invaluable; and those who wish to read a very amusing play, a play that toward the last degenerates into sheer farce, may get a good deal of fun out of "Getting Married." Lesbia, one of Bernard Shaw's typical heroines, is a delightful character, and gains no little sympathy when she replies to the general who asks her if she would not be happier if married to some one, "I dare say I should in a frowsy sort of way, but I prefer my dignity and independence; I am afraid I think this rage for happiness rather vulgar."

The seriousness of Mr. Shaw's convictions does not come out in the play itself, but doubtless he means something, and a century or so from now he will be looked upon as an advance-guard of the new school.

The "Showing-up of Blanco Posnett" is not much of a play, and exists largely to give Mr. Shaw an opportunity to write a long preface on the censorship. This preface is as amusing and delightful as any play Mr. Shaw has ever written. It is futile to condemn Mr. Shaw because he insists on showing up the truth of matters which we prefer, as a rule, to keep hidden. Wise or unwise, he is a moral reformer. He has convictions and a philosophy of life, and he deserves the honor that any serious thinker upon social problems earns. He is as serious as Ibsen, in spite of all the satire, humor, and laughter to which he treats us.

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THE NEW INFERNO. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

PIETRO OF SIENNA: A DRAMA. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

Mr. Stephen Phillips began his career as poet by lecturing upon the older poets. He is said to have a personality of exceeding charm and tact, and out of this and a reputation for high learning he seems to have made his reputation as a poet. Certainly his endowment is distinctly second rank.

In *The New Inferno* we have, of course, first the unfortunate title to fall foul of. There has been one Inferno written in the world and no man else can use the title without inviting a comparison which shall reduce him to derision. *The New Inferno* does not follow the Dantesque rhyme scheme, but uses a quatrain of ten syllabled lines without any rhyme at all. The poem consists of nine cantos, two being devoted to the damnation of Napoleon and his affair with Josephine; two more to people in general; one to a morphine-eating lady; one to a Laodicean, a sort of Tomlinson character fit neither for Heaven nor Hell; one to the Jesuits and one to suicides.

As is usual in all Mr. Phillips's work, we find reminiscent passages. The "Porches of the Ear," for example, belongs to Dante.

"How sweet to cease, how beautiful to die"

is far tôo reminiscent of Keats's "Nightingale" and the line,

"To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

Again the stanza:

"That the discarding of the body of earth,
Sends not to sudden pain, or sudden joy,
But the loosed spirit the lone journey takes,
Perhaps for æons to work out its fate,"

reminds us of Tennyson's:

"No sudden Heaven or sudden Hell for man,
But through æonian evolution," etc.

This reminiscence is the more marked that Mr. Phillips also uses the word "æonian" in his next line. There are lines that one cannot scan, as for example:

"Wraps him from those whom on earth he slew,"

and there are those bits of trite anticlimax from which Mr. Phillips is never safe, such as:

"Places can kill, the very streets can slay,
And sad conditions wear away the soul."

Pietro of Sienna is the head of the ancient and exiled house of Tornielli; he overthrows Luigi, head of the rival house of Gonzaga. Luigi is imprisoned and his sister is summoned by Pietro, who has a *penchant* for

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beautiful women, to plead for her brother. Her honor is declared to be the price of her brother's life. The dramatic situation is not new. Gemma assures Pietro that she prefers death, and Pietro is so overwhelmed by this combination of beauty and virtue that he offers to marry her and free her brother. Although Gemma has looked upon Pietro with contempt and loathing, the offer of a ceremony quite calms her spirit. She is not in the least loath to accept as a lifelong companion and husband the man she despises. Luigi is freed and Pietro proclaims his intention of marrying Gemma. The final speech in which Pietro states his intention runs thus:

"But here I make
A holy oath, before all saints of heaven,
That she, this lady, stands by me untouched,
That she is pure as ever without spot.
Rather would she have killed me or herself
Than so submitted even for such a cause;
But I, who have so played the game of love,
Am won to something nobler at the last:
To-day I make this lady my true wife."

Really, one would have to turn to the laureate himself to find a parallel in trite commonplace. Thought in this play is either absent or lingers still in the dark ages; the language is dull whenever it is not reminiscent. How completely Mr. Phillips is captured by the great stanza in Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" is again proven by his echo of the line:

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die."

In this line:

"And now than ever more impossible
It seems to die."

How utterly Mr. Phillips can drop into the dull and commonplace is instanced in the following description of early morning in the city:

"*The shopman takes the shutter from the shop,*
And in the window carefully displays
His wares; the trim girl into market trips."

When one strikes a fine line one immediately asks: "Where have I read this line before?" Such lines as:

"While all her deep heart murmurs in its ear,"

"And many a memory stares up at the sun"

recall at once the general feeling of Rossetti's last sonnet lines. But good lines are few and far between, and the general trend is trite and dull. It would be a matter of profound psychological interest to find out how Mr. Stephen Phillips built up a reputation as a poet.

IN CHAINS. By PAUL HERVIEU. Boston: The Poet-Lore Publishing Company, 1910.

The service which the Poet-Lore Publishing Company has done in introducing foreign plays to America can hardly be overestimated. It has

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garnered far and wide, and picked out the best plays that have been published in France, Ireland, Russia, and Germany, and given them in translation to the American public.

The present play of Hervieu's can be classed as one of the matrimonial problem plays, melodramatic in the extreme, and valuable only as attesting the wide-spread opinion that the chains of matrimony are frequently galling. The translation in this instance does much to mar the value of the play. It is done by one Ysidor Asckenasy, a writer certainly very unfamiliar with English. The play reads like a halting and careless transcript by one totally uninitiated into the idiom of the English language. It would really have been more of a service to have published the play in French, since any one who had reached an adequate degree of culture to read it at all would be able to read it in that language; and the strange, foreign English really takes away much of the sense of reality that the play might otherwise have had. None the less, it is a powerful play in the general style of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."

THE MARRIAGE. By DOUGLAS HYDE. Boston: The Poet-Lore Publishing Company, 1910.

No greater dramatic talent has arisen among the young Irishmen of the late Celtic Renaissance than that of Douglas Hyde. His little dramas are closer to the earth than those of William Butler Yeats and nearer to the life of the people, while in characterization, charm of imagery, and tenderness of conception they outrank his.

We are in sad need in this country of a greater number of lyrical plays. and in their absence we are grateful to this eclectic publishing-house for giving us one now and then from foreign lands.

In *The Marriage* Hyde brings together Martin and his newly married wife, who, because they have no belongings, must separate immediately after the marriage; she to go back into service, he to go elsewhere to work. They are having their wedding breakfast of eggs and bread in a deserted cottage when a blind fiddler comes begging. It is needless to say that the fiddler turns out to be Rafferty, the great poet, and all home-comers from the fair drop in to hear him sing, each leaving his gift, so that the young married couple are well established, and it is only after Rafferty leaves that they find he has been dead a week. Then the married couple know that the great poet who had served and saved them was a man sent by God.

HUSBAND and THE FORBIDDEN GUESTS: TWO PLAYS. By JOHN CORBIN. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910.

Mr. Corbin shares Colonel Roosevelt's anxiety as to the future of the race. The first play, "Husband," is an amusing satire upon the overridden, overworked, indulgent American husband. It is entertaining enough, though not very deep, and there is some sense in the interesting preface which gives Mr. Corbin's views of women under the title "Wife."

The "Forbidden Guests" is hardly more than a single scene. Dealing, as it does, with race-suicide, and coming perilously near to the historic step from the sublime, it holds its own fairly well. One never laughs until an hour or so after one has laid the book aside.

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In content as in structure these plays impress one as just a little superficial, a little vague and ill-digested. Compared with the work doing in England to-day by such men as Galsworthy, Besier, Masefield, Granville-Barker, they seem very rough and very slight.

THE POEMS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited with an Introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

No edition of the older English poets has proved more valuable to the student than that of "The Muses's Library," compact and well printed, easy to hold, and scholarly in editing, it proves the perfect edition. The present volume of Sir Philip Sidney's poems contains a short prefatory note by Mr. Drinkwater explaining his aims and omissions, a good biographical introduction, and a moderately good critical introduction. Mr. Drinkwater, like all editors who hold a brief for their client, protests too much; he pleads for the spontaneity of Sidney's sonnets. To those who are well acquainted with the work of the *Pléiade* in France, it is difficult to admit as much originality as the editor wishes. Sidney's sonnets owe a great deal metrically to Continental influence, and the verve and vitality of such sonnet-writers in France as Ronsard, Desportes, Du Bellay, could not but affect the Astrophel and Stella sequence. Indeed, according to Mr. Sidney Lee, it is in Sidney's work that French influence becomes full-fledged. The sonnet allows a more artificial production than any other form in poetry, and it is difficult to grant to these sonnets the fire and inspiration that their editor demands. No one conversant with English poetry would question the beauty of the opening lines of sonnet *XXXI:*

> "With how sad steps, oh moon, thou climbest the skies,
> How silently and with how wan a face."

These lines are as beautiful as Shelley's:

> "And like a dying lady lean and pale,
> Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil," etc.

The sonnets *XXVIII* and *XXIX*, "To Sleeplessness," again bear marks of inward inspiration; and sonnet *CX* is, of course, one of the great sonnets of the English language and must undoubtedly have inspired Drummond's song:

> "O leave that love that reaches but to dust."

"The Arcadian" is not given entire in the small volume, but the extracts made from it are in the main excellent. The beautiful passage beginning:

> "My sheep are thoughts which I both guide and serve"

is given entire, and also the well-known song:

> "My true love hath my heart and I have his."

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

The present little volume of selections, originally published by Chatto & Windus in London, is said to have been practically made by Mr. Swinburne himself. It contains forty-two poems—principally nature-poems—

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the great philosophic poem "Hertha," and, as a concession to the demands of the public, "The Triumph of Time."

An excellent little preface by the poet's lifelong friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and a dedicatory epistle to the collected edition of Swinburne's Poems from the same friend form the introduction. The book has the advantage of omitting whatever might be objectionable or disagreeable to the most conservative of thinkers, and for this reason it can hardly be said to be a representative collection. Mr. Swinburne was a revolutionist in politics and in morals, and what he had to say was exceedingly shocking to the conservative, to those who think of life as being entirely satisfactory as it is and who desire no very decided changes of form or doctrine. As a volume that might be put into the hands of any young girl or boy, without hesitation, it is exceedingly able. There is still room for the student's selection of Swinburne's poems, a selection which will hold more of the revolutionary poems from the "Songs before Sunrise" and a great deal more of the representative metrical work from the poet's first series of "Poems and Ballads," the whole of "Tristrem," and fuller selections from the dramas.

A Poet's Anthology of Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Baker Taylor Publishing Company, 1911.

When a poet makes an anthology one expects a good deal from it, and in the present case one is distinctly disappointed. The volume is small, has no author's index with poem titles, so that there is no quick way of seeing at a glance just what has been included. The other fault we have to complain of is that there is not a single unexpected poem in the volume or a single poem that any one else could not have chosen just as well as Mr. Noyes himself. How perfectly matter-of-fact the selections are may be judged from the fact that a young child of sixteen years, hearing the first lines of the poems read, recognized every poem in the book and gave the author. The divisions of the volume are fanciful and the contents slight. Take division *VI*, for example, entitled "Of such as these" (meaning, of course, children), and we have Blake's "Piper" and the little fifteenth-century carol, "He came all so still" (with modernized spelling), Blake's "Little Lamb," Wordsworth's sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free," and the whole of "Pippa Passes": this latter poem takes up seventy-nine pages out of a book which contains only three hundred and ninety.

One may say in its favor that there is nothing in the volume that one objects to, but there is nothing that is difficult to come at elsewhere; except one or two of Mrs. Meynell's later poems and two or three selections from Francis Thompson's last poems, there is nothing not included in other anthologies. On the whole, the volume as coming from Mr. Noyes is distinctly disappointing.

Optimos. By Horace Traubell. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1910.

Mr. Horace Traubell is well known as the literary executor of Walt Whitman, as editor, publisher, and printer of the Socialistic journal *The Conservator* and as a very prolific poet. If many of the poets we speak of have manner without matter, Mr. Traubell has matter without manner, or manners, or grammar, or diction, or restraint, or anything but riotous

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good-humor and a really deep, well-reasoned, and beautiful attitude toward life. Most of the poems contained in this collected volume have appeared from time to time in *The Conservator*.

Mr. Traubell says that he doesn't like "full-dress writing," but there is a large class of readers who do not like "undressed writing," and Mr. Traubell's work is utterly undressed. He has not the poet's instinct which makes even the roughest of Whitman's work beautiful, and a good deal of his work is nothing but prose cut up into lines, often lines of exceedingly ungrammatical and slangy prose at that. But what he has to say is right and true and penetrating and sometimes beautiful.

We are told that Germany has several Traubell societies, and we have ourselves read many of his poems that have appeared in German translations. They are improved by translation. When another language puts clothes on Mr. Traubell's thought it is quite amazing how noble it appears. It is too late for Mr. Traubell to learn to write poetry in any other way than his own, and doubtless the matter of his work will keep it in circulation for some long time; and, indeed, it may come to be a curious historic relic of the first riotous era of the democratization of letters and art.

MY THREE LOVES. By BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER, Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Virginia. New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1910.

Beverley Dandridge Tucker is a Virginian, a grandson of Judge Henry St. George Tucker and a grandnephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He served through the Civil War in the army of northern Virginia, and the poems here collected belong, in large part, to Virginians, to their sentiment of State loyalty and pride. The *Three Loves* are literally the cause of the South, Eros, and the Sanctuary. In the first division the ablest poem is the "Salutation to Robert E. Lee," stirring and touching at once. Several of these poems commemorate battles such as Gettysburg, Hampton Roads, Appomattox, etc. Several more are Confederate memorial verses read on special occasions. Of these again the same inspiration brings the sweetest singing, and there is something very sincere and touching in the song "The Days When We Followed Robert Lee." There are also poems in memory of the two Southern singers, Father Ryan and James Barron Hope; and the poem to John R. Thompson gives, apart from melody and feeling, a very valuable picture of the culture of the South.

The second division of the poems evidently belongs to an early period of Bishop Tucker's life, and, though there is melody in "The Rhone and the Arve," we find more to praise in the last third of the book which holds the religious poems. "Consecration," "Increase Our Faith," and "Love Divine" are beautiful poems, and we feel sure that some of them will ultimately find their way into the hymnal and be a consolation and strength to many souls.

ÆNEAS and OTHER VERSES AND VERSIONS. By D. A. SLATER. London: Oxford University Press, 1910.

This is a little book for the few. It is the work of a scholar and its appeal is to poets and other scholars. Three of the poems are Latin renderings of English poems. The "Non Omnis Moriar" is a spirited and

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fine transcription of Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando." The single flaw in the volume is the rather piteous "Perdrix, Toujours Perdrix," amusing enough for a moment's play, but hardly worth print and binding. In so light a poem as the invitation to the "Clerk of Oxenforde" the poet has such magic lines as these:

"Still the moor her gold is minting, wilding heather, lusty ling,
Bracken-spear and beech-leaf tinting with the magic hues of Spring;

"On her rivers 'Lydian laughter,' in her woods a whispering breeze,
Swallows flash by roof and rafter.—Quick, my friend, the moment seize;

"Quick and come to royal Devon, to the combes of Bearle and Exe,
Where Earth rivals highest Heaven, Hell has lost her power to vex."

The opening poem, "Æneas," although the longest and most sustained and full of wonderful and haunting lines, is no more exquisite than the short songs, the "Laus Philosophiæ," "Epicurus," "Ariadne's Lament," "Still Night," and "There's a Place upon the Mountain." "To Sleep" chiefly suggests the writer's debt to Swinburne. The three sonnets, "Dann Kommt der Schluss," "Ovid," "In Memoriam Amici, J. W.," are eloquent and noble.

This little volume, slight as it is, is real poetry; such poetry as could only be written by a poet and a classical scholar.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MAURICE BARING. New York: John Lane Company, 1911.

When the great question of the value of the classics is mooted, might not one plea in favor of them be that without them the world's poetry must die? In these "Poems" of the Hon. Maurice Baring we have again the work of a classical scholar; the feeling for diction, the restraint and nobility of the poems bespeak an arduous youth spent beneath the sponsorship of Greek and Latin writers.

If, as Pater says, "love and all joyful states of mind are self-expressive" so also are wistfulness and noble sorrow. And it is such notes that are oftenest sounded in this all too slight volume of exquisite verse. The word "collected" in the title would seem to imply that the poet had finished his work; but Maurice Baring is, if we mistake not, still short of the forty-year turn, and why should such noble scenes as the fragments of the "Black Prince" not be built up into a great drama? We have a right to demand more of such a poet, for it is the quality as he gives us here that the world needs.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued)*

"Did Mr. Razumov tell you anything definite about your brother's activities—his end?" I ventured to ask.

"No," admitted Miss Haldin, with some hesitation. "Nothing definite."

But I understood well enough that all their conversations must have been referred mentally to that dead man who had brought them together. That was unavoidable. But it was in the living man that she was interested. That was unavoidable too, I suppose. And as I pushed my inquiries I discovered that he had disclosed himself to her as a by no means conventional revolutionist contemptuous of watchwords, of theories, of men, too. I was rather pleased at that, but I was a little puzzled.

"His mind goes forward, far ahead of the struggle," Miss Haldin explained. "Of course he is an actual worker, too," she added.

"And do you understand him?" I inquired point-blank.

She hesitated again. "Not altogether," she murmured.

I perceived that he had fascinated her by an assumption of an enigmatical superiority.

"Do you know what I think?" she went on, breaking through her reserved, almost reluctant attitude. "I think that he is observing, studying me, to discover whether I am worthy of his trust. . . ."

"And that pleases you?"

She kept mysteriously silent for a moment. Then with energy, but in a confidential tone, "I am convinced," she declared, "that this extraordinary man is meditating some vast plan, some great undertaking; he is possessed by it—he suffers from it . . . and from being alone in the world."

"And so he's looking for helpers?" I commented, turning away my head.

Again there was a silence.

"Why not?" she said at last.

The dead brother, the dying mother, the foreign friend, had fallen into a distant background. But at the same time Peter Ivanovitch was absolutely nowhere now. And this thought consoled me. Yet, I saw the gigantic shadow of Russian life deepening around her like the darkness of an advancing night. It would devour her presently. I inquired after Mrs. Haldin—that other victim of the deadly shade.

A remorseful uneasiness appeared in her frank eyes. "Mother seemed no worse, but if I only knew what strange fancies she had sometimes!"

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Then Miss Haldin, glancing at her watch, declared that she could not stay a moment longer, and with a hasty hand-shake ran off lightly.

Decidedly Mr. Razumov was not to turn up that day. Enigmatical youth! . . .

But less than an hour afterward, while crossing the Place Mollard, I caught sight of him boarding a South Shore tram-car.

"He's going to the Château Borel," I thought.

After depositing Razumov at the gates of the Château Borel, some half a mile or so from the town, the car continued its journey between two straight lines of shady trees. Across the roadway in the sunshine a short wooden pier jutted into the shallow pale water which farther out had an intense blue tint contrasting unpleasantly with the green orderly slopes on the opposite shore. The whole view, with the harbor jetties of crudely white stone underlining the dark front of the town to the left, and the expanding space of water to the right with jutting promontories of no particular character, had the uninspiring, glittering surface of a very fresh oleograph. Razumov turned his back on it with contempt. He thought it odious—oppressively odious in its unsuggestive finish, the very perfection of mediocrity attained at last after centuries of toil and culture. And turning his back on it, he faced the entrance to the grounds of the Château Borel.

The bars of the central way and the wrought-iron arch between the dark weather-stained stone piers were very rusty; and, though fresh tracks of wheels ran under it, the gate looked as if it had not been opened for a very long time. But close against the lodge built of the same gray stone as the piers (its windows were all boarded) there was a small side entrance. The bars of that were rusty, too; it stood ajar and looked as though it had not been closed for a long time. In fact, Razumov, trying to push it open a little wider, discovered it was immovable.

"Democratic virtue. There are no thieves here, apparently," he muttered to himself, with displeasure. Before advancing into the grounds he looked back sourly at an idle working-man lounging on the stone bench in the clean, broad avenue. The fellow had thrown his feet up; one of his arms hung over the low back of the public seat; he was taking a day off in lordly repose, as if everything in sight belonged to him.

"Elector! Eligible! Enlightened!" Razumov muttered to himself. "A brute, all the same!"

Razumov entered the grounds and walked fast up the wide sweep of the drive, trying to think of nothing—to rest his head, to rest his emotions, too. But arriving at the foot of the terrace before the house, he faltered, affected physically by some invisible interference. The mysteriousness of his quickened heart-beats startled him. He stopped short and looked at the brick wall of the terrace, faced with shallow arches, meagerly clothed by the shoots of a few unthriving creepers, with a neglected narrow flower-bed along its foot.

"It is here," he thought, with a sort of awe. "It is here—on this very spot."

He was tempted to flight at the mere recollection of his first meeting with Natalia Haldin. He confessed it to himself; but he did not move, and that not because he wished to resist an unworthy weakness, but be-

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cause he knew that he had no place to fly to. Moreover, he could not leave Geneva. He recognized, even without thinking, that it was impossible. It would have been a fatal admission, an act of moral suicide. It would have been also physically dangerous. Slowly he ascended the stairs of the terrace flanked by two stained greenish stone urns of funereal aspect.

Across the broad platform where a few blades of grass sprouted from the discolored gravel the door of the house, with its ground-floor windows shuttered, faced him wide open. He believed that his approach had been noted, because framed in the doorway, without his tall hat, Peter Ivanovitch seemed to be waiting for him.

The ceremonious black frock-coat and the bared head of Europe's greatest feminist accentuated the dubiousness of his status in relation to the house rented by Madame de S——, his Egeria. His aspect combined the formality of the caller with the freedom of the proprietor. Florid and thickly hirsute and masked by the dark-blue glasses, he met the visitor and at once took him familiarly under the arm.

Razumov suppressed every sign of repugnance by an effort which the constant necessity of repression had rendered almost mechanical. And this effort had settled his expression in a cast of austere, almost fanatical aloofness. The "heroic fugitive," impressed afresh by the severe detachment of this new arrival from the revolutionary Russia, took a conciliatory, even a confidential tone. Madame de S—— was resting after a bad night. She often had bad nights. He had left his hat up-stairs on the landing and had come down to suggest to his young friend a stroll and a good, open-hearted talk in one of the shady alleys behind the house. After voicing this proposal, the great man glanced at the unmoved scornful face by his side and could not restrain himself from exclaiming:

"On my word, young man, you are an extraordinary person."

"I fancy you are mistaken, Peter Ivanovitch. If I were really an extraordinary person, I would not be here walking with you in a garden in Switzerland, Canton of Geneva, Commune of— What's the name of the commune this place belongs to? . . . Never mind—the heart of democracy, anyhow. A fit heart for it; no bigger than a parched pea and about as much value. I am no more extraordinary than the rest of us Russians wandering abroad."

But Peter Ivanovitch protested, emphatically:

"No, no! You are not ordinary. I have some experience of Russians who are—well—living abroad. You appear to me and to others too a marked personality."

"What does he mean by this?" Razumov asked himself, turning his eyes fully on his companion. The face of Peter Ivanovitch expressed a meditative seriousness.

"You don't suppose, Kirylo Sidorovitch, that I have not heard of you from various points where you made yourself known on your way here. I have had letters."

"Oh, we are great in talking about each other," interjected Razumov, who was listening with great attention. "Gossip, tales, suspicions and all that sort of thing we know how to deal in to perfection. Calumny even. . . ."

In indulging in this sally, Razumov managed very well to conceal the feeling of anxiety that came over him. At the same time, he was saying

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to himself that there could be no earthly reason for anxiety. He was relieved by the evident sincerity of the protesting voice.

"Heavens!" cried Peter Ivanovitch. "What are you talking about! What reason can *you* have to . . ."

The great exile flung up his arms as if words had failed him in sober truth. Razumov was satisfied. Yet he was moved to continue in the same vein.

"I am talking of the poisonous plants which flourish in the world of conspirators like evil mushrooms in a dark cellar."

"You are casting aspersions," remonstrated Peter Ivanovitch, "which as far as you are concerned . . ."

"No," Razumov interrupted, without heat. "Indeed, I don't want to cast aspersions, but it's just as well to have no illusions."

Peter Ivanovitch gave him an inscrutable glance of his dark spectacles, accompanied by a faint smile.

"The man who says that he has no illusions has at least that one," he said in a very friendly tone. "But I see how it is, Kirylo Sidorovitch. You aim at stoicism."

"Stoicism! That's a pose of the Greeks and the Romans. Let's leave it to them. We are Russians, that is—children—that is—sincere; that is—cynical, if you like. But that's not a pose."

A long silence ensued. They strolled slowly under the lime-trees. Peter Ivanovitch had put his hands behind his back. Razumov felt the ungraveled ground of the deeply shadowed walk damp and as if slippery under his feet. He asked himself, with uneasiness, if he were saying the right things. The direction of the conversation ought to have been more under his control, he reflected. The great man appeared to be reflecting on his side, too. He cleared his throat slightly, and Razumov felt at once a painful reawakening of his scorn and his suspicion.

"I am astonished," began Peter Ivanovitch, gently. "Supposing you are right in your indictment, how can you raise any question of calumny or gossip in your case? It is unreasonable. The fact is, Kirylo Sidorovitch, there is not enough known of you to give hold to gossip or even calumny. Just now you are a man who had a part in doing a great deed in something that had been hoped for, and tried for, too, without success. People have perished for attempting that which you and Haldin have done at last. You come to us out of Russia with that prestige. But you cannot deny that you have not been communicative, Kirylo Sidorovitch. People you have met imparted their impressions to me; one wrote this, another that, but I form my own opinions. I waited to see you first. You are a man out of the common. That's positively so. You are close, very close. This taciturnity, this severe brow, this something inflexible and secret in you, inspires hopes and a little wonder as to what you may mean. There is something of a Brutus . . ."

"'Pray spare me those classical allusions," burst out Razumov, nervously. "What comes Junius Brutus to do here? It is ridiculous! Do you mean to say," he added, sarcastically, but lowering his voice, "that the Russian revolutionists are all patricians and that I am an aristocrat?"

Peter Ivanovitch, who had been helping himself with a few gestures, clasped his hands again behind his back and made a few steps pondering.

"Not all patricians," he muttered, vaguely. "But you are one of *us*."

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Razumov smiled bitterly.

"To be sure, my name is not Guggenheimer," he said in a low, vibrating voice. "I am not a democratic Jew. How can I help it? Not everybody has such luck. I have no name, I have no . . ."

The European celebrity showed a great concern. He stepped back a pace and his arms flew in front of his person, extended, deprecatory, almost entreating. His deep bass voice was full of pain.

"But my dear young friend!" he cried. "My dear Kirylo Sidorovitch . . ."

Razumov shook his head.

"The very patronimic you are so civil as to use when addressing me I have no legal right to—but what of that? I don't wish to claim it. I have no father. So much the better. But I will tell you what: my mother's grandfather was a peasant—a serf. See how much I am one of *you*. I don't want any one to claim me. But Russia *can't* disown me. She cannot!"

Razumov struck his breast with his fist.

"I am *it*."

Peter Ivanovitch walked on slowly, his head lowered. Razumov followed, vexed with himself. That was not the right sort of talk. All sincerity was an imprudence. Yet one could not renounce truth altogether—he thought, with a touch of despair. Peter Ivanovitch meditating behind his dark glasses became to him suddenly so odious that if he had had a knife he fancied he could have stabbed him not only without compunction, but with a horrible, triumphant satisfaction. His imagination dwelt on that atrocity in spite of himself. It was as if he were becoming light-headed. "It is not what is expected of me," he repeated to himself. "It is not what is. . . . I could get away by breaking the fastening on the little gate I see there in the back wall. It is a flimsy lock. Nobody in the house seems to know he is here with me. Oh yes, the hat! These women shall presently discover the hat he has left on the landing. They would come upon him lying dead in this damp, gloomy shade, but I would be gone and no one could ever . . . Lord! am I going mad?" he asked himself in a fright.

The deep bass of the great man was heard—musing in an undertone.

"H'm, yes! That . . . no doubt . . . in a certain sense . . ." he raised his voice—"there is a deal of pride about you. . . ."

The intonation of Peter Ivanovitch took on a homely familiar ring, acknowledging, in a way, Razumov's claim to peasant descent.

"A great deal of pride, brother Kirylo. And I don't say that you have no justification for it. I have admitted you had. I have ventured to allude to the facts of your birth simply because I attach no mean importance to it. You are one of us—*un des nôtres*. I reflect on that with satisfaction."

"I attach some importance to it too," said Razumov, quietly. "I won't even deny that it may have some importance for you too," he continued, after a slight pause and with a touch of grimness of which he was himself aware, with some annoyance, but which, he hoped, had escaped the perception of Peter Ivanovitch. "But suppose we talk no more about it?"

"Well, we shall not—not after this one time, Kirylo Sidorovitch," per-

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sisted the noble archpriest of revolution. "This shall be the last occasion. You cannot believe for a moment that I had the slightest idea of wounding your feelings. You are clearly a superior nature—that's how I read you. Quite above the common—h'm—susceptibilities. But the fact is, Kirylo Sidorovitch, I don't know your susceptibilities. Nobody out of Russia knows much of you—as yet."

"You have been watching me," suggested Razumov.

"Yes."

The great man had spoken in a tone of perfect frankness, but as they turned their faces to each other Razumov felt baffled by the dark spectacles. Under their cover, Peter Ivanovitch hinted that he had felt for some time the need of meeting a man of energy and character, in view of a certain project. He said nothing more precise, however; and after some critical remarks upon the personalities of the various members of the Committee of Revolutionary action in Stuttgart he let the conversation lapse for quite a long time. They paced the alley from end to end. Razumov, silent too, raised his eyes from time to time to cast a glance at the back of the house. It offered no sign of being inhabited. With its grimy weather-stained walls and all the windows shuttered from top to bottom, it looked damp and gloomy and deserted. It might very well have been haunted in traditional style by some doleful, groaning, futile ghost of a middle-class order. The shades evoked, as wordly rumor had it, by Madame de S—— to meet statesmen, diplomatists, deputies of various European parliaments, must have been of another sort. Razumov had never seen Madame de S—— but in the carriage.

Peter Ivanovitch came out of his abstraction.

"Two things I may say to you at once. I believe, first, that neither a leader nor any decisive action can come out of the dregs of a people. Now if you ask me what are the dregs of a people—h'm—it would take too long to tell. You would be surprised at the variety of ingredients that for me go to the making up of these dregs—of that which ought to, must remain at the bottom. Moreover, such a statement might be subject to discussion. But I can tell you what is *not* the dregs. On that it is impossible for us to disagree. The peasantry of a people is not the dregs; neither is its highest class—well—the nobility. Reflect on that, Kirylo Sidorovitch. I believe you are well fitted for reflection. Everything in a people that is not genuine, not its own by origin or development, is—well—dirt. Intelligence in the wrong place is that. Foreign-bred doctrines are that. Dirt! Dregs! The second thing I would offer to your meditation is this: that for us at this moment there yawns a chasm between the past and the future. It will never be bridged by foreign liberalism. All attempts at it are either folly or cheating. Bridged it can never be. It has to be filled up."

A sort of sinister jocularity had crept into the tones of the burly feminist. He seized Razumov's arm above the elbow and gave it a slight shake.

"Do you understand, enigmatical young man? It has got to be just filled up."

Razumov kept an unmoved countenance.

"Don't you think that I have already gone beyond meditation on that subject?" he said, freeing his arm by a quiet movement which increased

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the distance a little between himself and Peter Ivanovitch as they went on strolling abreast. And he added that surely whole cart-loads of words and theories could never fill that chasm. The abruptness of his tone was caused by his contempt for the celebrated man at his side. No mediation was necessary. A sacrifice of many lives could alone . . . He fell silent without finishing the phrase.

Peter Ivanovitch inclined his big hairy head slowly and proposed that they should go and see if Madame de S—— was now visible.

"We shall get some tea," he said, turning out of the shaded gloomy walk with a brisker step.

The lady companion had been on the lookout. Her dark skirt whisked out of the doorway as the two men came in sight round the corner. She ran off somewhere altogether and had disappeared when they entered the hall. In the crude light falling from the dusty glass skylight in the roof upon the black and white tessellated floor, covered with muddy tracks, their footsteps echoed faintly. The great feminist led the way up. On the balustrade of the first-floor landing a shiny, tall hat reposed, rim upwards, opposite a double door of the drawing-room haunted, it was said, by evoked ghosts, and frequented, it was to be supposed, by fugitive revolutionists. The cracked white paint of the panels, the tarnished gilt of the mouldings, permitted one to imagine nothing but dust and emptiness within. Before turning the massive brass handle Peter Ivanovitch gave his young companion a sharp, partly critical, partly preparatory glance.

"No one is perfect," he murmured, discreetly. Thus the possessor of a rare jewel might before opening the casket warn the profane that no gem, perhaps, is flawless.

He remained with his hand on the door-handle so long that Razumov assented by a moody "No."

"Perfection itself would not produce that effect," pursued Peter Ivanovitch—"in a world not meant for it. But you will find there a mind—no! —the quintessence of feminine intuition which will understand any perplexity you may be suffering from—by the irresistible, enlightening force of sympathy. Nothing can remain obscure before that, that—inspired—yes, inspired penetration, this true light of feminity."

The gaze of the dark spectacles in its glassy steadfastness gave his face an air of absolute conviction. Razumov felt a momentary shrinking before that mysterious door.

"Light," he stammered out. "Do you mean some sort of thought-reading?"

"I mean something utterly different," he retorted. A faint pitying smile succeeded this tart declaration.

Razumov began to feel angry, very much against his wish.

"This is very mysterious," he muttered through his teeth.

"You don't object to being understood, to being guided?" queried the great feminist.

Razumov exploded in a fierce whisper.

"In what sense? Be pleased to understand that I am a serious person. Whom do you take me for?"

They looked at each other very closely. Razumov's temper was cooled by the impenetrable earnestness of the blue glasses meeting his stare. Peter Ivanovitch turned the handle at last.

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"You shall hear directly," he said, pushing the door open.

A low-pitched but harsh voice was heard within the room.

"*Enfin. Vous voilà.*"

In the doorway, his black-coated bulk blocking the view, Peter Ivanovitch had a hearty tone with something boastful in it.

"Yes; here I am!"

He glanced over his shoulder at Razumov, who waited for him to move on.

"And I am bringing you a proved conspirator—a real one this time. *Un vrai celui-là.*"

This pause in the doorway gave the "proved conspirator" time to make sure that his face did not betray either his angry curiosity or his mental disgust.

These sentiments stand confessed in Mr. Razumov's memorandum of his first interview with Madame de S——. The very words I use in my narrative are written where their sincerity cannot be suspected. At any rate, the sincerity of their self-revealing intention cannot be. Out of those pages, summarizing months here, detailing days there, with an almost incredible precision, out of neat record of contradictory, incoherent thoughts, emerges a personality struggling for existence against both truth and falsehood; a personality rising to a symbolic significance on account of the revealing nature of its individual fate. The record which could not have been meant for any one's eyes but his own was not, I think, the outcome of that strange impulse of indiscretion common to men who lead secret lives, which accounts for the invariable existence of "compromising documents" in all the plots and conspiracies of history. He looked at it, I suppose, as a man looks at himself in a mirror with wonder, perhaps with anguish, with anger or despair. Yes, as a threatened man may look fearfully at his own face in the glass, formulating to himself reassuring excuses for his appearance marked by the taint of some insidious hereditary disease.

CHAPTER X

THE Egeria of the "Russian Mazzini" produced, at first view, a strong effect by the striking, motionless character of her malevolent expression, a death-like immobility of an obviously painted face. The slightly sunken cheeks were faintly rouged, the lips touched with carmine, the eyebrows accentuated artificially—the very eyelashes had been made to look blacker than Nature had made them. The eyes, the only feature that moved, appeared extraordinarily brilliant. The figure, in a close-fitting dress admirably made, but by no means fresh, had an elegant stiffness. The harsh voice inviting him to sit down; the rigidity of the upright attitude, with one arm extended along the back of the sofa; the white gleam of the big eyeballs setting off the black, fathomless stare of the enlarged pupils—impressed Razumov more than anything he had seen since his hasty and secret departure from St. Petersburg. A witch in Parisian clothes, he thought. A portent! He actually hesitated in his advance and did not even comprehend at first what the harsh voice was saying.

"Sit down. Draw your chair nearer me. There. . . ."

He sat down. At close quarters the pink cheek-bones, the wrinkles, the fine lines on each side of the vivid lips, astounded him. He was being received graciously with a smile which made him think of a grinning skull.

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"We have been hearing about you for some time."

He did not know what to say and murmured some disconnected words. The grinning skull effect vanished.

"And do you know that the general complaint is that you have shown yourself very reserved everywhere."

Razumov remained silent for a time, thinking of his answer.

"I, don't you see, am a man of action," he said, huskily, glancing upward.

Peter Ivanovitch stood in portentous expectant silence by the side of his chair, his spectacles devotedly directed at the painted and plastered woman on the sofa. A slight feeling of nausea came over Razumov. What could be the relations of these two people to each other? She like a galvanized corpse out of some Hoffman's tale, he the preacher of feminist gospels for all the world and a super-revolutionist besides. This ancient painted mummy with unfathomable eyes and this burly, bull-necked, deferential . . . what was it? Witchcraft, fascination. . . . It's for her money," he thought. "She has millions."

The walls, the floor of the room, were bare like a barn. The few pieces of furniture had been discovered in the garrets and dragged down into service without having been properly dusted even. It was the refuse the banker's widow had left behind her. The windows without curtains had an indigent, sleepless look. In two the dirty yellowy-white blinds had been pulled down. All this spoke, not of poverty, but of sordid penuriousness.

The hoarse voice on the sofa spoke angrily.

"You are looking round, Kirylo Sidorovitch. I have been shamefully robbed, positively ruined."

A dry rattling laugh, which seemed beyond her control, interrupted her for a moment.

"A slavish nature would find consolation in the fact that the principal robber was an exalted and almost a sacrosanct person—a Grand-Duke, in fact. Do you understand, Mr. Razumov, a Grand-Duke—no! You have no idea what thieves those people are! Downright thieves!"

Her bosom heaved, but the arm remained rigidly extended along the back of the couch.

"You will only upset yourself," breathed out a deep voice, which to Razumov's startled glance seemed to proceed from under the steady spectacles of Peter Ivanovitch rather than from his lips, which had hardly moved.

"What of that? I say thieves! *Voleurs! Voleurs!*"

Razumov was quite confounded by this unexpected vicious clamor, which had in it something of wailing and creaking and more than a suspicion of hysteria.

"*Voleurs! Voleurs! Vol . . .*"

"No power on earth can rob you of your genius," shouted Peter Ivanovitch in an overpowering bass, but without stirring, without attempting a gesture of any kind. A profound silence fell.

Razumov remained outwardly impassive. "What is the meaning of this performance?" he was asking himself. But with a preliminary sound of bumping outside some door behind him the lady companion, in a threadbare black skirt and frayed blouse, came in rapidly, walking on her heels

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and carrying in both hands a big Russian samovar, obviously too heavy for her. Razumov made an instinctive movement to help, which startled her so much that she nearly dropped her hissing burden. She managed, however, to land it on the table and looked so frightened that Razumov hastened to sit down. She produced then from an adjacent room four glass tumblers, a teapot and a sugar-basin on a black iron tray.

The harsh voice spoke from the sofa abruptly.

"*Les gâteaux?* Have you remembered to bring the cakes?"

Peter Ivanovitch, without a word, marched out on to the landing and returned instantly with a parcel wrapped up in white glazed paper which he must have extracted from the interior of his hat. With imperturbable gravity he undid the string and smoothed the paper open on a part of the table within reach of Madame de S——'s hand. The lady companion poured out the tea, then retired into a distant corner out of everybody's sight and a conversation began. From time to time Madame de S—— extended a claw-like hand glittering with costly rings toward the paper of cakes, took up one and devoured it, displaying her big false teeth ghoulishly. Later on Razumov acquired grounds for the belief that this was the most substantial meal of the day for the Egeria of the Russian Mazzini. Meantime she talked harshly of the political situation in the Balkans. She built great hopes on some complication in the peninsula for arousing a great movement of national indignation in Russia against "these thieves—thieves—thieves."

"You will only upset yourself," Peter Ivanovitch interposed, raising his glassy gaze. He smoked cigarettes and drank tea in silence continuously. When he had finished a glass, he flourished his hand in a beckoning manner above his shoulder. At that signal the lady companion ensconced and still in her corner, with round eyes like a watchful animal, would dart out to the table and pour him out another tumblerful.

Razumov looked at her once or twice. She was anxious, tremulous, though neither Madame de S—— nor Peter Ivanovitch paid the slightest attention to her. "What have they done between them to that forlorn creature?" Razumov asked himself. "Have they terrified her out of her senses with ghosts or simply have they only been beating her?" When she gave him his second glass of tea he noticed that her lips trembled in the manner of a scared person about to burst into speech. But, of course, she said nothing and retired into her corner as if hugging to herself the smile of thanks he gave her.

"She may be worth cultivating," thought Razumov, suddenly.

He was calming down, getting hold of the actuality into which he had been thrown—for the first time, perhaps, since Victor Haldin had entered his room . . . and had gone out again. He was aware of being the object of the famous—or notorious—Madame de S——'s ghastly graciousness.

Madame de S—— was pleased to discover that this young man was different from the other types of revolutionist members of committees, secret emissaries, vulgar and unmannerly fugitive professors, rough students, ex-cobblers with apostolic faces, consumptive and ragged enthusiasts, Jewish youths, common fellows of all sorts that used to come and go around Peter Ivanovitch—fanatics, pedants, proletarians all. It was possible to talk to this young man of notably good appearance, for Madame de S—— was not always in a mystical state of mind. Razumov's taciturn-

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ity only excited her to a quicker, more voluble utterance. It still dealt with the Balkans. She knew all the statesmen of that region—Turks, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Roumanians, Greeks, Armenians and nondescripts, young and old, the living and the dead. With some money an intrigue could be started which would set the peninsula in a blaze and outrage the sentiment of the Russian people. A cry of abandoned brothers could be raised, and then with the nation seething with indignation a couple of regiments or so would be enough to begin a military revolution in St. Petersburg and make an end of these thieves. . . .

"Apparently I've got only to sit still and listen," the silent Razumov thought to himself. "As to that hairy and obscene brute" (in such terms did Mr. Razumov refer mentally to the popular expounder of a feministic conception of social state), "as to him, for all his cunning, he too shall speak out at last."

Razumov ceased to think for a moment. Then a somber-toned reflection formulated itself to his mind, ironical and bitter. "I have the gift of inspiring confidence." He heard himself laughing aloud. It was like a goad to the painted, shiny-eyed harridan on a sofa.

"You may well laugh!" she burst out, hoarsely. "What else can one do? Perfect swindlers, and what base swindlers at that! Cheap Germans —Holstein-Gottorps! Though, indeed, it's hardly safe to say who and what they are. A family that counts a creature like Catherine the Great in its ancestry—you understand!"

"You are only upsetting yourself," said Peter Ivanovitch, patiently, but in a firm tone. This admonition had its usual effect on the Egeria. She dropped her thick discolored eyelids on the permanent excitement of her eyes and changed her position on the sofa. All her movements, angular and lifeless, seemed completely automatic, now that her eyes were nearly closed. Presently she opened them very full. Peter Ivanovitch drank tea steadily without haste.

"Well, I declare!" She addressed Razumov directly. "The people who have seen you on your way here are right. You are reserved. You haven't spoken twenty words altogether since you came in. You let nothing of your thoughts be seen in your face, either."

"I have been listening, Madame," said Razumov, using French for the first time hesitatingly, not being certain of his accent. But it seemed to produce an excellent impression. Madame de S—— looked meaningly into Peter Ivanovitch's spectacles as if to convey her conviction of this young man's merit. She even nodded the least bit in his direction, and Razumov heard her murmur under her breath the words, "Later on in the diplomatic service," which could not but refer to the favorable impression he had made. The fantastic absurdity of it revolted him, because it seemed to outrage his ruined hopes with the vision of a mock career. Peter Ivanovitch, impassive as though he were deaf, drank some more tea. Razumov felt that he must say something.

"Yes," he began, deliberately, as if uttering a meditated opinion, "clearly. Even in planning a purely military revolution the temper of the people should be taken into account."

"You have understood me perfectly. The discontent should be spiritualized. That is what the ordinary head of revolutionary committees will not understand. They aren't capable of it. For instance, Mordatiev

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was in Geneva last month. Peter Ivanovitch brought him here. You know Mordatiev? Well, yes—you have heard. They call him an eagle—a hero! He has never done half as much as you have. Never attempted—not half. . . ."

Madame de S—— agitated herself angularly on the sofa.

"We, of course, talked to him. And do you know what he said to me? 'What have we to do with Balkan intrigues? We must simply extirpate the scoundrels.' Extirpate is all very well—but what then? The imbecile! I screamed at him, 'But you must spiritualize—don't you understand?—spiritualize the discontent. . . ."

She felt nervously in her pocket for a handkerchief; she pressed it to her lips.

"Spiritualize?" said Razumov, interrogatively, watching her heaving breast. The long ends of an old black lace scarf she wore over her head slipped off and hung down on each side of her ghastly rosy cheeks.

"An odious creature," she burst out again. "Imagine a man who takes five lumps of sugar in his tea. . . . Yes, I said spiritualize! How else can you make discontent effective and universal?"

"Listen to this young man," Peter Ivanovitch made himself heard, solemnly.

Razumov looked at him suspiciously.

"Some say hunger will do that," he remarked.

"Yes, I know. Our people are starving in heaps. But you can't make famine universal. And it is not despair that we want to create. There is no moral support to be got out of that. It is indignation. . . ."

Madame de S—— let her thin extended arm sink on her knees.

"I am not a Mordatiev," began Razumov.

"*Bien sûr*," murmured Madame de S——.

"Though I too am ready to say extirpate, extirpate. But, in my ignorance of political work, permit me to ask: a Balkan—well—intrigue, wouldn't that take a very long time?"

Peter Ivanovitch got up and moved off quietly to stand with his face to the window. Razumov heard a door close; he turned his head and perceived that the lady companion had scuttled out of the room.

"In matters of politics I am a supernaturalist," Madame de S—— broke the silence, harshly.

Peter Ivanovitch moved away from the window and struck Razumov lightly on the shoulder. This was a signal for leaving, but at the same time he addressed Madame de S—— in a peculiar reminding tone:

"Eleonor!"

Whatever it meant, she disregarded the ejaculation. She leaned back in the corner of the sofa like a wooden figure. The brazen peevishness of the face framed in the limp rusty lace had a character of cruelty.

"As to extirpating," she croaked at the attentive Razumov, "there is only one class in Russia which must be extirpated. Only one. And that class consists of only one family. That one family must be extirpated."

Her rigidity was frightful, like the rigor of a corpse galvanized into harsh speech and glittering stare by the force of murderous hate. The sight fascinated Razumov—yet he felt more self-possessed at that moment than at any other since he had entered that weirdly bare room. He was interested. But the great feminist by his side again uttered his appeal:

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"Eleonor!"

She disregarded it. Her carmine lips moved with an extraordinary rapidity. The liberating spirit would use arms before which rivers would part like Jordan and ramparts fall down like the walls of Jericho. The deliverance from bondage would be effected by plagues and by signs, by wonders and by war. The women . . .

"Eleonor!"

She ceased; she had heard him at last. She pressed her open hand to her forehead.

"What is it? Ah, yes. That girl—the sister of. . . ."

It was Miss Haldin that she meant. That young girl and her mother had been leading a very retired life. They were provincial ladies—were they not? The mother had been very beautiful—traces were left yet. Peter Ivanovitch, when he called there for the first time, was greatly struck. . . . But the cold way they received him was really surprising.

"He is one of our national glories," Madame de S—— cried out, with sudden vehemence. "All the world listens to him."

"I don't know these ladies," said Razumov, loudly, rising from his chair.

"What are you saying, Kirylo Sidorovitch? I understand that she was talking to you here in the garden the other day."

"Yes, in the garden," said Razumov, gloomily. Then with an effort, "She made herself known to me."

"And then ran away from us all," Madame de S—— continued, with ghastly vivacity. "After coming to the very door! What a peculiar proceeding! Well, I have been a shy little provincial girl at one time. Yes, Razumov." She fell into this familiarity intentionally with an appalling grimace of graciousness. Razumov gave a perceptible start. "Yes, that's my origin. A simple provincial family."

"You are wonderful," Peter Ivanovitch uttered in his deepest voice.

But it was to Razumov that she gave her death's-head smile. Her tone was quite imperious.

"You must bring the young wild thing here. She is wanted. I reckon upon your success—mind!"

"She is not a wild young thing," muttered Razumov in a surly voice.

"Well, then—that's all the same. She may be one of these young conceited democrats. Do you know what I think? I think she is very much like you in character. There is a smouldering fire of scorn in you. You are darkly self-sufficient, but I can see your very soul."

Her shiny eyes had a dry intense stare which, missing Razumov, gave him an absurd notion that she was looking at something behind him. He cursed himself for an impressionable fool and spoke with forced calmness.

"What is it you see? Anything resembling me?"

She moved her rigidly set face from left to right. It was impossible somehow to meet her eyes, to capture that stare.

"Some sort of phantom in my image?" pursued Razumov, slowly. "For, I suppose, a soul when it is seen is just that. A vain thing. There are phantoms of the living as well as of the dead."

The tenseness of Madame de S——'s stare had relaxed, and now she looked at Razumov in a silence which became disconcerting.

"I myself have had an experience," he stammered out, as if compelled. "I've seen a phantom."

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The unnaturally red lips moved to frame a question harshly.

"Of a dead person?"

"No; living."

"A friend?"

"No."

"An enemy?"

"I hated him."

"Ah! It was not a woman, then?"

"A woman," repeated Razumov, his eyes looking straight into the eyes of Madame de S——. "Why should it have been a woman? But why this conclusion? Why should I not have been able to hate a woman?"

As a matter of fact, the idea of hating a woman was new to him. At that moment he hated Madame de S——. But it was not exactly that. It was more like the abhorrence that may be caused by a wooden or plaster figure of a repulsive kind. And she moved no more than if she were such a figure; even her eyes, whose unwinking stare plunged into his own, though shining, were lifeless as though they were as artificial as her teeth. The red lips were like the lips of an idol. For the first time Razumov became aware of a faint perfume; but faint as it was, it nauseated him exceedingly. Peter Ivanovitch tapped him slightly on the shoulder. Thereupon he bowed and was about to turn away without any other leave-taking, when he received the unexpected favor of a bony, inanimate hand extended to him with the two words in hoarse French:

"*Au revoir!*"

He bowed over the skeleton hand and left the room, escorted by the great man, who made him go out first. The voice from the sofa cried, harshly:

"You remain here, Pierre."

"Certainly—*ma chère amie.*"

But he left the room with Razumov, shutting the door behind him. The landing was prolonged into a bare, unfurnished corridor, right and left, desolate perspectives of white and gold decoration without a strip of carpet or wisp of a curtain. The very light pouring through the many undraped windows seemed dusty; and a solitary speck in all this crude whiteness reposing on the balustrade of white marble—the silk top-hat of the great feminist asserted itself extremely in the black glossiness of a raven's plumage.

Peter Ivanovitch escorted the visitor to the very head of the stairs without opening his lips. Even when they had reached the head of the stairs Peter Ivanovitch did not break the silence. He simply stopped there. Razumov's impulse to continue down the flight and out of the house without as much as a nod abandoned him suddenly. He stopped on the first step and leaned his back against the wall. Below him the great hall, with its checkered floor of black and white, seemed absurdly large and like some public place where a great power of resonance awaits the provocation of footfalls and voices. It was as if afraid of awakening the loud echoes of that empty house that Razumov adopted a low tone.

"I really have no mind to turn into a dilettante spiritualist."

Peter Ivanovitch shook his head slightly, very serious.

"Or spend my time in spiritual ecstasies or sublime meditations upon the gospel of feminism," continued Razumov in the same low voice. "I

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made my way here for my share of action—action, most respected Peter Ivanovitch! It was not the great European writer who attracted me here to this odious town of liberty. It was somebody much greater. It was the idea of the chief which attracted me. There are starving young men in Russia who believe in it so much that it seems the only thing that keeps them alive in their misery. Think of that, Peter Ivanovitch! No! But only think of that!"

The great man thus entreated, perfectly motionless and silent, was the very image of patient, placid respectability.

"Of course I don't speak of the people. They are brutes," added Razumov in the same subdued but forcible tone. At this a protesting murmur issued from the "heroic fugitive's" beard. A murmur of authority.

"Say—children."

"No; brutes," Razumov insisted, bluntly.

"But they are sound, they are innocent," the great man pleaded in a whisper.

"As far as that goes a brute is sound enough." Razumov raised his voice at last. "And you don't deny the natural innocence of a brute. But what's the use of disputing about names. You just try to give to children the power and stature of men and see what they will be like. You just give it to them and see. . . . But never mind that; I tell you, Peter Ivanovitch, that half a dozen young men do not come together nowadays in a shabby student's room without your name being whispered, not as a leader of thought, but as a center of revolutionary energies—the center of action. What else has drawn me near you, do you think? It is not what all the world knows of you, surely. It's precisely what the world at large does not know. I was irresistibly drawn—let us say impelled, yes, impelled; or rather compelled, driven—driven," repeated Razumov, explosively, and ceased as if startled by the hollow reverberation of the word "driven" along two bare corridors and down in the great empty hall.

Peter Ivanovitch did not seem startled in the least. The young man could not control a dry, nervous laugh. Before that, too, the great revolutionist remained unmoved, with an effect of commonplace superiority.

"Curse him," said Razumov to himself, "he is waiting behind his spectacles for me to give myself away." Then aloud, with a Satanic enjoyment of the scorn prompting him to play with the greatness of the great man:

"Ah, Peter Ivanovitch, if you only knew the force which drew—no, which *drove* me toward you; the irresistible force."

He did not feel any desire to laugh now. This time Peter Ivanovitch moved his head sideways knowingly, as much as to say, "Don't I?" This expressive movement was almost imperceptible. Razumov went on with an effort:

"All these days you have been trying to read me, Peter Ivanovitch. That is natural. I have perceived it and I have been frank. Perhaps you may think I have not been very expansive? But with a man like you it was not needed; it would have looked like an impertinence perhaps. And, besides, we Russians are prone to talk too much, as a rule. I have always felt that. And yet as a nation we are dumb. I assure you that I am not likely to talk to you so much again. Ha! ha!"

Razumov, still keeping on the lower step, came a little nearer to the great man.

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"You have been condescending enough. I quite understood it was to lead me on. You must render me the justice that I have not tried to please. Your silence now is another ordeal I have to pass through. What more can I say? I have been impelled, compelled, or rather sent—let us say sent—toward you for a work that no one but myself can do. You would call it a harmless delusion, a ridiculous delusion perhaps. See! I am too frank to keep it from you—this delusion at which you don't even smile. It is absurd of me to talk like this, yet some day you shall remember these very words, I hope. Enough of this. Here I stand before you—confessed. But one thing more I must add to complete it: a mere blind tool I can never consent to be."

Whatever acknowledgment Razumov was prepared for, he was not prepared to have both his hands seized in the great man's grasp. The swiftness of the movement was aggressive enough to startle. The burly feminist could not have been quicker had his purpose been to jerk Razumov treacherously up on the landing and bundle him behind one of the numerous closed doors near by. This idea occurred actually to Razumov; but he had made up his mind not to be disconcerted, and his hands being released after a darkly eloquent squeeze, he smiled with a beating heart straight at the beard and the spectacles hiding the impenetrable man.

He thought to himself (it stands confessed in his handwriting): "I won't move from here till he either speaks or turns away. This is a duel." Many seconds passed without a sign or a sound.

"Yes, yes," the great man said, hurriedly, in subdued tones, as if the whole thing had been a stolen, breathless interview. "Exactly. Come to see us here in a few days. This must be gone into deeply—deeply, between you and me. Quite to the bottom. To the . . . and by the bye, you must bring along Natalia Victorovna; you know? The Haldin girl . . ."

"Am I to take this as my first instruction from you?" inquired Razumov, stiffly.

Peter Ivanovitch seemed perplexed by this new attitude.

"Ah! h'm! You are naturally the proper person—*la personne indiquée.* Every one shall be wanted presently. Every one."

He bent down from the landing over Razumov, who had lowered his eyes.

"The moment approaches," he murmured.

Razumov did not look up. He did not move till he heard the door of the drawing-room close behind the greatest of feminists returning to his painted Egeria. Then he walked down slowly into the hall. The door stood open and the shadow of the house was lying aslant over the greatest part of the terrace. While crossing it slowly he lifted his hat and wiped his damp forehead as if after a great bodily exertion. Half-way across he stopped to pull himself together, expelling his breath with force to get rid of the last vestiges of the air he had been breathing inside. He looked at the palms of his hands and, moving on again, rubbed them gently against his thighs.

He felt, bizarre as it may seem, as though another self, an independent sharer of his mind, had been able to view his whole person very distinctly indeed. "This is curious," he thought. After a while he formulated his opinion of it in the mental ejaculation, "Beastly!" This disgust vanished before a marked uneasiness. "It is an effect of nervous exhaustion," he

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reflected, with weary sagacity. "How am I to go on day after day if I have no more power of resistance—moral resistance."

He was following now the path at the foot of the terrace. "Moral resistance, moral resistance." He kept on repeating these words mentally. Moral endurance. Yes, that was the necessity of the situation. An immense longing to make his way out of these grounds and to the other end of the town, of throwing himself on his bed and going to sleep for hours, swept everything clean out of his mind for a moment. "Is it possible that I am but a weak creature, after all?" he asked himself in sudden alarm. "Eh! What's that?"

He gave a start as if awakened from a dream. He even swayed a little before recovering himself.

"Ah! You stole away from us quietly to walk about here," he said.

The lady companion stood before him, but how she came there he had not the slightest idea. Her folded arms were closely cherishing the furry cat.

"I have been unconscious as I walked; it's a positive fact," said Razumov to himself in wonder. He raised his hat with marked civility.

The sallow woman blushed duskily. She had her invariably scared, uncertain expression, as if somebody had just disclosed to her some terrible news. But she held her ground, Razumov noticed, without timidity. "She is incredibly shabby," he thought. In the sunlight her black costume looked greenish, with here and there threadbare patches where the stuff seemed decomposed by age into a velvety, black, furry state. Her very hair and eyebrows looked worn out. Razumov wondered whether she were sixty years old. Her figure, though, was young enough. He observed that she did not appear starved, but rather as though she had been fed on unwholesome scraps and leavings of plates.

Razumov smiled amiably and moved out of her way. She only turned her head to keep her scared eyes on him.

"I know what you have been told in there," she affirmed, without preliminaries. Her tone, by contrast, no doubt, had an unexpectedly assured character which put Razumov at his ease.

"Do you? You must have heard all sorts of talk on many occasions in there."

She varied her phrase with the same incongruous effect of positiveness.

"I know to a certainty what you have been told to do."

"Really?" Razumov shrugged his shoulders a little. He was about to pass on with a bow, when a sudden thought struck him. "Yes, to be sure. In your confidential position you are aware of many things," he suggested, looking at the cat.

The animal got a momentary convulsive hug from the lady companion.

"Everything was disclosed to me a long time ago," she said.

"Everything," Razumov repeated, absently.

"Peter Ivanovitch is an awful despot," she jerked out.

Razumov went on studying the stripes on the gray fur of the cat.

"An iron will is an integral part of such a temperament. How else could he be a leader? And I think that you are mistaken in—"

"There!" she cried. "He tells me that I am mistaken. But I tell you, all the same, that he cares for no one." She jerked her head up with the scared, staring eyes. "Don't you bring that girl here. That's what you

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have been told to do—to bring that girl here. Listen to me; you had better tie a stone round her neck and throw her into the lake."

Razumov had a sensation of chill and gloom, as if a heavy cloud had passed over the sun.

"The girl," he said. "What have I to do with her?"

"But you have been told to bring Natalia Haldin here. Am I not right? Of course I am right. I was not in the room, but I know. I know Peter Ivanovitch sufficiently well. He is a great man. Great men are horrible. Well, that's it. Have nothing to do with her. That's the best you can do, unless you want her to become like me."

"Like you," repeated Razumov, glaring at her face as devoid of all comeliness of feature and complexion as the most miserable beggar is of money.

He smiled, still feeling chilly in the back, a peculiar sensation which annoyed him.

"Disillusioned as to Peter Ivanovitch. Is that all you have lost?"

She declared, looking frightened, but with immense conviction, "Peter Ivanovitch stands for everything." Then she added in another tone, "Keep the girl away from this house."

"And are you absolutely inciting me to disobey Peter Ivanovitch just because—because you are disillusioned?"

She began to blink.

"Directly I saw you for the first time I was comforted. You took your hat off to me. You looked as if one could trust you. Oh!"

She shrank before Razumov's savage snarl.

"I have heard something like this before."

She was so confounded that she could do nothing but blink for a long time.

"It was your humane manner," she stammered, plaintively. "I have been starving for, I won't say kindness, but just for a little civility, for I don't know how long. And now you . . ."

"But no; on the contrary," he protested. "I am very glad you trust me. It's possible that later on I may . . ."

"Yes, if you were to get ill," she interrupted, eagerly, "or meet some bitter trouble, you would find I am not a useless fool. You have only to let me know. I will come to you. I will indeed. And I will stick to you. Misery and I are old acquaintances, but this life here is worse than starving."

She paused anxiously, then in a voice for the first time sounding really timid she added:

"Or if you were engaged in some dangerous work. Sometimes a humble companion—I would not want to know anything. I would follow you with joy. I could carry out orders. I have the courage."

Razumov looked attentively at the scared round eyes, at the withered, sallow, round cheeks. They were quivering about the corners of the mouth.

"She wants to escape from here," he thought.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I am engaged in dangerous work," he uttered, slowly.

She pressed the cat to her threadbare bosom with a breathless exclamation.

"Ah!" Then not much above a whisper, "Under Peter Ivanovitch?"

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"No, not under Peter Ivanovitch."

He read a scared admiration in her eyes and made an effort to smile.

"Then—alone?"

He held up his closed hand with the index raised.

"Like this finger," he said.

She was trembling slightly. But it occurred to Razumov that they might have been observed from the house holding this long converse, and he became anxious to be gone. She blinked, raising up to him her puckered face, and seemed to beg mutely to be told something more, to be given a word of encouragement for her starving, grotesque and pathetic devotion.

"Can we be seen from the house where we are?" asked Razumov, confidentially.

She answered without showing the slightest surprise at the question:

"No, we can't, on account of this end of the stables." And she added, with an acuteness which surprised Razumov, "But anybody looking out of an up-stairs window would know that you have not passed through the gates yet."

"Who's likely to spy out of the window?" queried Razumov. "Peter Ivanovitch?"

She nodded.

"Why should he trouble his head?"

"He expects somebody this afternoon."

"You know the person?"

"There's more than one."

She lowered her eyelids. Razumov looked at her curiously.

"Of course. You hear everything they say."

She murmured without animosity.

"So do the tables and chairs."

He understood that the bitterness accumulated in the heart of that helpless creature had got into her veins and like some subtle poison had decomposed her fidelity to that hateful pair. It was a great piece of luck for him, he reflected, because women are seldom venal after the manner of men who can be bought for material considerations. She would be a good ally, though it was not likely that she was allowed to hear as much as the tables and chairs of the Château Borel. That could not be expected. But still . . . And at any rate, she could be made to talk.

When she looked up her eyes met the fixed stare of Razumov, who began to speak at once.

"Well, well, dear . . . but upon my word, I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name yet. Isn't it strange?"

For the first time she made a movement of the shoulders.

"Is it strange? No one is told my name. No one cares. No one talks to me. No one writes to me. My parents don't even know if I am alive. I have no use for a name and I have almost forgotten it myself."

Razumov murmured, gravely, "Yes, but still . . ."

She went on much slower and as if with indifference:

"You may call me Tekla, then. My poor Andrei called me so. I was devoted to him. He lived in wretchedness and suffering and died in misery. That is the lot of all us Russians, nameless Russians. There is nothing else for us and no hope anywhere, unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

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"Unless all these people with names are done away with," she finished, blinking and pursing up her lips.

"It will be easier to call you Tekla, as you direct me," said Razumov, "if you consent to call me Kirylo when we are talking like this—quietly—only you and me."

And he said to himself, "Here's a being who must be terribly afraid of the world, else she would have run away from this situation before." Then he reflected that the mere fact of leaving the great man abruptly would make her suspect. She could expect no support or countenance from any one. This revolutionist was not fit for an independent existence.

She moved with him a few steps, blinking and nursing the cat with a small balancing movement of her arms.

"Yes—only you and I. That's how I was with my poor Andrei, only he was dying, killed by these official brutes—while you, you are strong. You kill the monsters. You have done a great deed. Peter Ivanovitch himself must consider you. Well—don't forget me—especially if you were going back to work in Russia. I could follow you, carrying anything that was wanted—at a distance, you know. Or I could watch for hours at the corner of a street, if necessary, in wet or snow—yes, I could—all day long. Or I could write for you dangerous documents, lists of instructions, so that in case of mischance the handwriting could not compromise you. And you need not be afraid if they were to catch me. I would know how to keep dumb. We women are not so easily daunted by pain. I heard Peter Ivanovitch say it is our blunt nerves or something. We can stand it better. And it's true; I would just as soon bite my tongue out and throw it at them as not. What's the good of speech to me? Who would ever want to hear what I could say? Ever since I closed the eyes of my poor Andrei I haven't ever met a man who seemed to care for the sound of my voice. I would never have spoken to you if the very first time you appeared here you had not taken notice of me so nicely. I could not help speaking of you to that charming dear girl. Oh, the sweet creature! And strong! One can see that at once. If you have a heart don't let her ever set her foot in here. Good-by."

Razumov caught her by the arm. Her emotion at being thus seized manifested itself by a short struggle, after which she stood still, not looking at him.

"But you can tell me," he spoke in her ear, "why they—these people in that house there—are so anxious to get hold of her?"

She freed herself to turn upon him as if infuriated.

"Don't you understand that Peter Ivanovitch must direct, inspire, influence? It is the breath of his life. There can be never too many disciples. He can't bear thinking of any one escaping him. And a woman, too. There is nothing to be done without women, he says. He has written it. He—"

The young man was staring at her passion, when she broke off suddenly and ran away behind the stable.

(To be Continued)

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